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NEWSPAPER

Unpardonable Offense

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McCarthy – *Gilbert A. Harrison*

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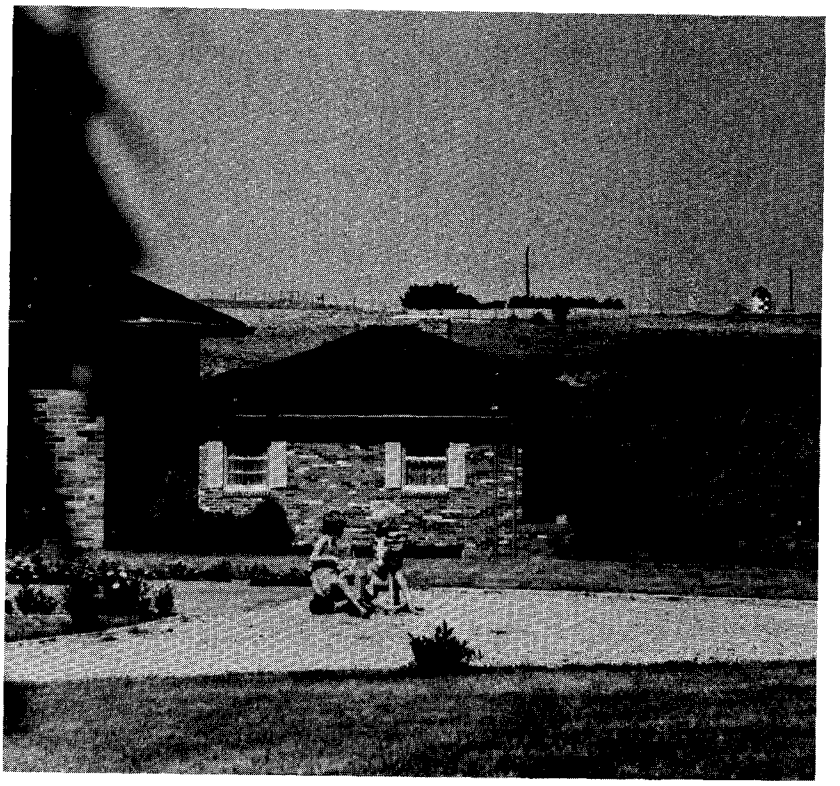

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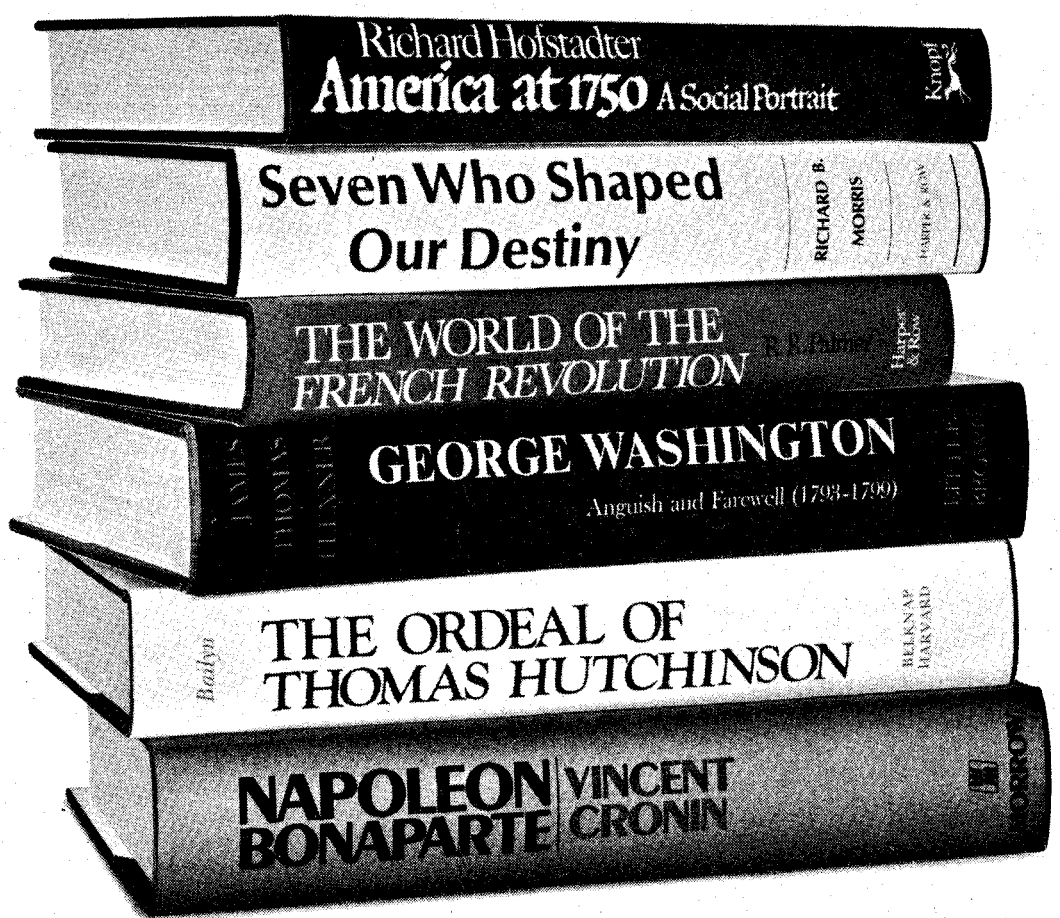

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TRB

from Washington
September 21, 1974

Soft on Crime

Why did he do it? Why now? These are the questions that cried for answers when President Ford shattered a placid Sunday that was geared for no more of a shock than the outcome of Evel Knievel's demonstration of lunacy across or into the Snake River Canyon. They are questions that are likely to be debated and speculated about for years, and in a flash they have taken the bloom off the new Ford presidency. More seriously than ever, they raise the issue of equal treatment under the law, already so pointedly posed by the disposition of the cases of Spiro Agnew, Richard Kleindienst and others.

In the Agnew case then Attorney General Elliot Richardson argued successfully with his team of young Baltimore prosecutors that the fate of one corrupt politician was relatively unimportant compared to the imperative of clearing the line of succession to the presidency. Agnew, in his determination to avoid going to jail, had one trump card. He was entrenched in the vice presidency, and he held that fact over the heads of Richardson and Co. If they wanted him out, he told them through his lawyers, they would have to indict him and risk the long legal hassle of a trial and appeals. Or they could agree to a minor charge and no jail. Richardson, concerned that Agnew might be in the dock at the time Nixon was impeached, thought the price was worth paying to make sure that could not happen. He argued, as Ford has now argued concerning Nixon, that Agnew would suffer sufficiently by deprivation of his high office.

Well, since then Agnew has borne his suffering remarkably, even irritatingly, well. He is cheered at public appearances and has the gall, in the face of the evidence the prosecutors put into the court record against him, to write *The Washington Post* complaining when an editorial suggests that he received "leniency."

Nixon had no such trump card with which to force a deal. Having resigned from office, he really had nothing—unless, of course, a deal was made beforehand, as a condition of his resignation. The circumstances render such speculation, already making the rounds of the taxicab circuit, inevitable. Never mind that it's the stuff of which grade B movies are made: the President appoints a Vice President; the President resigns and the Vice President succeeds him; the new President pardons the former President. The American people, who not only see grade B movies but are long-time politician-watchers, have been conditioned to believe such "far-fetched" theories. George Wallace can't run for reelection as governor of Alabama, so he runs his wife; she wins, and he turns her into a figurehead and runs the state in her name. Sen. Robert S. Kerr of Oklahoma dies; Gov. J. Howard Edmondson resigns and the lieutenant governor succeeds him and appoints Edmondson to Kerr's unexpired term. Young Ted Kennedy wants to run for the Senate in Massachusetts, succeeding his brother who has become President, but he is not yet 30 years old, as required. So family friend Benjamin Smith is appointed to keep the seat warm until young Kennedy is old enough to run, and then bows out.

With this sort of history before them, it's not so hard to understand that people might believe Ford and Nixon made a deal that gave Ford the presidency and Nixon his freedom.

The last thing the country needed at this juncture was another blow to public confidence in politics and politicians, and the presidency. And the last thing the country needed, particularly, was to have that blow administered by the hand of Gerald Ford. After all the disenchantment bred by Watergate and Nixon, Ford had crashed onto the public stage refreshingly candid. And while it can be said that he took the step of pardoning Nixon openly, in a nationwide television talk, he came out of the whole affair as another politician who says one thing one day, does another the next. In his first press conference only days before, Ford had said that while he thought Nixon had suffered enough and he would consider pardon as an option, it was for the special Watergate prosecutor to decide whether to seek an indictment. What caused him to change his mind?

We now have reports that Ford was informed that Nixon was in a seriously depressed state of anxiety, and that it was in the interest of Nixon's mental well-being that the pardon be granted before any indictments were even sought. Nobody knows; the President had no professional, clinical report on Mr. Nixon's health. He is depressed, of course; who wouldn't be? And what of Mr. Ford's concern for the larger national question—the public's mental state about the administration of justice? Had Ford permitted the legal proceedings to run their course, and then had pardoned the man, few likely would have complained. Few would have wanted to see a broken, convicted President then thrown into jail. A trial itself would have been enough to persuade the public that the law applied to the mighty as well as to the meek.

In all this sad business, one upbeat note was provided by Jerry terHorst, the amiable Detroit *News* Washington bureau chief who had left his profession after more than 25 years to become the presidential press secretary. He disagreed profoundly with Ford's decision to pardon Nixon and felt that therefore he could not defend it credibly before the press. And so he quit. Hallelujah! Finally somebody in a high Washington position thought more of his integrity than he did of his job and the trappings, and he quit. It was well-nigh unprecedented. Sure, Richardson and his deputy, William Ruckelshaus, resigned when Nixon tried to force them to fire Watergate prosecutor Archibald Cox, but they were backed to the edge of the cliff. Before that time Richardson had a long history of fighting the good fight, losing, and surviving to fight another day. Throughout the Vietnam war, men within the government professed their dismay but always hung in there. Sometimes they argued that if they got out, they would leave the field to their opponents. They painted themselves as little Dutch boys with their fingers in the dike. Well here we have another little Dutch boy who realized that sometimes you don't go along and keep your mouth shut. It is refreshing, especially in the wake of Watergate, with its countless examples of spineless, ambitious men who later claimed they knew better, but said nothing.

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Unpardonable Offense

We are instructed to do justly and to love mercy, but we do not know what it means to do justly except by reference to laws and customs. They are the foundation of our liberty and order. Without them we are in Hobbes' state of nature: "No arts, no letters, no society and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of men solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short." So the Constitution of the United States commands that the President "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Is that what Mr. Ford has done by pardoning Mr. Nixon? Now President Ford has not said that anyone is above the law. Rather he has perceived, and at the start only in the case of Mr. Nixon, that there is an obligation to be merciful, which is above the law. That is a civilized perception, given formal recognition by the Constitution in Article 2, Section 2: "The President . . . shall have Power to grant Reprieves and Pardons for Offenses against the United States, except in cases of Impeachment." Our objection to the pardon is that the power has been used too hastily, too indiscriminately, and that in consequence confidence in the applicability of equal justice and in the President's judgment have been further weakened. When the force of law is laid only on the backs of errand boys—and perhaps not even on their backs—justice is discredited, all considerations of compassion notwithstanding.

Abuse of a presidential power, deception of aides and the public—characteristics of the disgraced previous administration—likewise marked the process that led up to pardoning Mr. Nixon for "all offenses against the United States which he . . . has committed or may have committed or taken part in" from January 20, 1969 through August 9, 1974. Suddenly that openness and candor that Mr. Ford had led us to think would be the hallmarks of his presidency had vanished. Ten days earlier he had assured his press conference that immunity from prosecution would be "unwise and untimely" before any "legal process has been undertaken." That was a sensible comment; it still is. Moreover, while the pardon was under study, Mr. Ford's press secretary and through him newsmen and the public were being advised by top Ford aides that no such move was being explored.

The blunder was not in the deceptiveness that accompanied it or the inconsistency. What was wrong was to pardon a man for offenses that were not specified (to use a favorite word of Mr. Nixon's early defenders on the House Judiciary Committee), or proven or confessed

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to by the pardoned "offender." Mr. Ford was reduced to unpardonable vagueness: "certain acts or omissions occurring before his [Nixon's] resignation. . . ." The failure to itemize the misdeeds surely lends support to Mr. Nixon's blithe view of the scandals as nothing more than "a complex and confusing maze of events, decisions, pressures and personalities." The record—and it is incomplete—allows no such easy escape into ambiguity. For example there's the June 23, 1972 tape, which shows that six days after the Watergate break-in Mr. Nixon approved a plan for the CIA to block the FBI investigation, disproving Mr. Nixon's assertion that he erred only "in not acting more decisively and more forthrightly in dealing with Watergate particularly when it reached the stage of judicial proceedings . . . [in January 1973]." It was the unanimous finding of the House Judiciary Committee that almost immediately after the burglars were caught in June 1972, the former President personally and through subordinates "made it his plan and did direct" the subsequent criminal obstruction of justice. If Mr. Nixon was to be pardoned, was it not incumbent on Mr. Ford to state such facts as these, so we might know what the pardon was for? And is it not legitimate to ask whether this pardon for unknown crimes is to be followed by a pardon to unknown persons, whose names and deeds may surface after further revelations? For instance there are more than five dozen Watergate-related White House tapes whose contents are known today only by Mr. Jaworski and Judge Sirica—and Mr. Nixon.

The indictment of the former President and a trial or a negotiated plea—none of which is now possible—would have put on record the accusatory evidence, requiring Mr. Nixon to rebut specific allegations or at least rationalize them. For the first time, he would have been held accountable by due process on particular charges for particular acts, a situation he initially avoided by publicly lying about his conduct, then resigning in advance of an inevitable Senate impeachment trial. How will a future public understand what was behind the impeachment drive or the true cause for Richard Nixon's resignation? By reading the incomplete report of the Judiciary Committee? By reading Mr. Nixon's interpretation? Already one hears it said he was "driven from office," as if by partisan furies.

Who is there who does not want the wounds of Watergate to be healed? But they won't be healed by concealing the infection, its nature and cause; it will only fester. That's why full disclosure and legal certification of responsibility and remedial action are necessary. Many of the abuses of power referred to in the House committee's second article of impeachment need further congressional scrutiny. To take one aspect of the case, Mr. Nixon's departure and the presidential pardon have not foreclosed future White House misuse of the Internal Revenue Service, the Central Intelligence Agency or FBI wiretaps. Information on these matters developed by the special prosecutor, had it been laid out and examined during a trial of Mr. Nixon, would have spurred Congress to revise preventive administrative or legislative remedies. Unless this information now comes out in some other way, Congress is going to have to dig out the facts on its own.

Mr. Ford could limit some of the damage caused by his ill timed and ill considered act. Under Justice Department regulations, Special Prosecutor Jaworski has authority to issue reports. That regulation was to have permitted the first prosecutor, Archibald Cox, to explain publicly at the conclusion of his work why prosecutions were being brought. Cox also expected to file a general report on Watergate. A similar report by the Jaworski staff, completed only after a full Nixon investigation has been concluded, can still be written. The 11 areas of the Nixon inquiry underway at the time of the pardon encompass a range, from the Watergate cover-up to the handling of campaign funds by Mr. Nixon's friend Charles Rebozo. Where criminal violations implicating others than Mr. Nixon are discovered, prosecutions are still in order. And in those instances where Mr. Nixon was a party to illegalities, his role could be described in the Jaworski report. That may not be full justice, but at least the opportunities for historical falsification or partisan mischief would be minimized.

President Ford could review and then release such a document, thereby putting his prestige behind its findings. This becomes important in light of the fact that prior to release of the June 23, 1972 tape, then Vice President Ford was a steady defender of Mr. Nixon's innocence, going so far as saying that no impeachable offense had been committed and calling the Judiciary Committee's passage of impeachment article one a partisan vote. Since assuming the presidency Mr. Ford has spoken only of Mr. Nixon's desire for peace and the suffering he and his family have borne. Both are true but not the whole truth. Never has President Ford assigned any blame to Mr. Nixon for what Ford describes as the "years of bitter controversy and divisive national debate."

Perhaps President Ford still believes his predecessor did no wrong. If so he has made it more difficult to prove the contrary. Perhaps Mr. Ford looks upon Watergate as a political caper, blown up by the anti-Nixon press in concert with the Democrats. If that is so, his description of Mr. Nixon's actions as "bad dreams that continue to open a chapter that is closed" rings honest. But it is a mistaken judgment. Justice has not been done, and mercy has been shown for behavior that has not been identified or admitted. We can't go back to cover-ups. If the book on Mr. Nixon's misuse of his authority as the President is to be firmly shut and sealed as Mr. Ford wants, Congress and Mr. Jaworski must follow through, going ahead wherever the evidence leads them.

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The Mazurka Begins

Since the imposition of the OAS sanctions against Castro in 1964, nine countries have resumed full diplomatic relations with Cuba. Mexico and Canada never broke them. Venezuela, which brought the initial complaint leading to the attempted OAS quarantine of the Castro government a decade ago, is on the verge of restoring relations. So are Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Honduras and the Bahamas. Panama, acting on its own initiative, sent a full diplomatic mission to Havana two weeks ago. Costa Rica's President Daniel Oduber was quoted by Agence France Presse recently as having served notice through his foreign minister, Gonzalo Facio, that if the OAS were not convened soon to deal with the issue of rescinding the 10-year-old sanctions against Cuba, "the mazurka is going to start. One by one, every Latin American government will recognize the Cuban regime." Secretary of State Kissinger heard the music during the last meeting of inter-American foreign ministers in April and understood its import. A subtle and carefully muted choreography of diplomatic exchange has been underway between Washington and Havana through a variety of intermediaries.

Any day now the Commission on US-Latin American Relations, headed by former OAS ambassador and Xerox board chairman Sol Linowitz, will issue a call for restoration of relations between Washington and Havana. The commission's roster of members is studded with financial, academic and governmental establishmentarians such as Linowitz; Elliot L. Richardson; former Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Charles Meyer, now of Sears, Roebuck; Father Hesburgh of Notre Dame; Lee Hills, chairman of Knight Newspapers; William D. Rogers of Arnold and Porter, a former deputy coordinator of the Alliance for Progress and newly designated Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs.

President Ford on August 28 said that "if Cuba changes its policy toward us and toward its Latin neighbors we, of course, would exercise the option . . . to change our policy. But before we made any such change, we would certainly act in concert with the other members of the Organization of American States." But to put it baldly, the OAS is now a runaway organization on the Cuban issue. The question is not whether it will vote to lift the sanctions but *when* and *how*.

The scenario that has been tentatively worked out among the inter-American ministers in consultation with Kissinger calls for the immediate appointment of a five-country council of inquiry that will examine whether the conditions that gave rise to the 1964 OAS sanctions still exist: Is Cuba still trying to export its revolution from the Sierra Maestra to the Andes through subversion and guerilla war? The answer is foreordained. Castro three years ago proclaimed publicly that each country must follow its own road to development and Cuba has determinedly pursued its own since 1968 when it abandoned the course of revolutionary proselytizing in Latin America.

Today the top men around Castro are technocrats, not guerillas. Cuba's goal is to turn itself into a revolutionary showcase rather than a haven for sundry liberation movements scattered through the hemisphere. There is a brisk traffic in trade delegations, education ministers, health officials and diplomats between Havana and the various Latin American capitals.

Détente with Cuba has become the prevailing inter-American reality. It excludes, at present, only the United States and a handful of military oligarchies such as Guatemala, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Bolivia and Chile.

Lawrence Stern

MR. STERN *is a national affairs writer and former national editor for* The Washington Post.

Exporting Revolution

New revelations that the Central Intelligence Agency was deeply involved in creating the climate for the bloody Chilean military coup d'état just a year ago—at least to the tune of over eight million dollars and the CIA only knows in what other ways—have set in motion a brand new Washington credibility game. It is no longer a question whether the administration as a whole may be lying about its covert foreign policies, which would be nothing new in this town, but whether CIA Director William E. Colby is a more credible witness than Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and his deputies—or vice versa.

Extraordinary as it may sound, it is Colby who admits that the CIA spent the eight million dollars to help bring about the coup in Chile (it had spent three million dollars in 1960 to prevent an earlier Marxist victory in the elections), while Kissinger and the State Department stubbornly deny any American involvement. For nearly a year now Colby and Kissinger have been disagreeing on this point in separate appearances before congressional committees. An honest difference of opinion? Nobody familiar with the Washington policymaking apparatus is likely to accept such an explanation.

Both Kissinger and Colby are members of the top-secret "40 Committee" of the National Security Council. This is the five-man supreme intelligence body in the US government (the State and Defense Departments and the office of the chairman of the joint chiefs

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of staff are the other agencies represented on it) which, according to Colby's testimony, approved in June and September 1970, the covert operations against the regime of the late President Salvador Allende Gossens. Top intelligence sources say that Chile was one of the most important operations, aside from Indochina and ongoing overhead satellite reconnaissance over the Soviet Union and China, handled by the "40 Committee." They say the US involvement may have been even greater than suggested in Colby's secret testimony last April 22. In some still unclear manner, Americans may have played a role in paramilitary operations against Allende *before* the coup.

Inasmuch as Kissinger all along has been chairing the "40 Committee" in his capacity of special assistant to the President for national security affairs, it is highly improbable that he did not know what he had authorized. Besides it would have been his responsibility to obtain former President Nixon's final clearance. Colby, on the other hand, can hardly be accused of inventing an immensely damaging claim that the CIA was secretly financing Allende's right-wing foes and sabotaging his government. What, then, is the truth?

The first decision by the "40 Committee" to authorize the expenditure of $400,000 to help Allende's opponents in the election was taken at a meeting presided over by Kissinger on June 27, 1970. This much was admitted by the CIA in hearings before a Senate subcommittee last year. Kissinger and Richard Helms, then CIA director, favored this move although the State Department (William P. Rogers was Secretary of State at the time) tended to oppose it. According to *The Washington Post* Kissinger remarked at the meeting that "I don't see why we need to stand by and watch a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people." Although the State Department said last week Kissinger did not remember making such a comment, the record shows that on July 24, 1970 he ordered the preparation of a National Security Council study memorandum on Chile. Known as NSSM-97, the study outlined a series of options for the administration in the event of Allende's victory. One of them was clandestine support for his opponents to help them overthrow the regime, just as the CIA helped Brazilian military and civilian groups to oust President João Goulart in 1964. Escalating the US intervention beyond covert CIA activities, the NSC study also recommended damaging the Chilean economy through an international credit and financial squeeze.

After Allende won a majority but not a plurality in the September 4, 1970 elections, Kissinger and the "40 Committee" refocused on Chile. He told a group of editors at a background briefing in Chicago on September 16 that "it is fairly easy for one to predict that if Allende wins there is a good chance that he will establish over a period of years some sort of Communist government." He said that if Allende was elected by the Chilean Congress in the October run-off, "massive problems" would arise for the United States and "pro-US forces in Latin America," and that communism might spread to Argentina, Brazil and Peru. Kissinger's sentiments about Allende were thus fairly clear when the "40 Committee" convened on September 18, 1970 to authorize $850,000 in funds and "bribes" to get the Chilean Congress to elect Jorge Alessandri, the runner-up.

According to Colby's testimony last April 22, as disclosed by Rep. Michael Harrington, the "40 Committee" approved five million dollars for "destabilization" efforts in Chile between 1971 and 1973 as soon as it became known that Allende was the new President. Colby reportedly testified that 2.5 million dollars more was cleared by the "40 Committee" for covert actions in 1973.

The coup against Allende came on September 11, 1973. Within less than a month, Kissinger and Colby began contradicting each other before congressional committees. Appearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in closed session on October 9, and in answer to a direct question by Sen. Gale McGee as to whether "the CIA was deeply involved at this time," Kissinger said: "The CIA had nothing to do with the coup, to the best of my knowledge and belief, and I only put in that qualification in case some madman appears down there who, without instructions, talked to somebody. I have absolutely no reason to suppose it." The rest of his reply was deleted in the sanitized transcript.

Two days later, on October 11, before an executive session of a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee Colby, in effect, admitted a considerable degree of CIA involvement in Chilean politics. He said that "we have had . . . various relationships over the years in Chile with various groups. In some cases this was approved by the National Security Council and it has meant some assistance to them." He acknowledged that the CIA had penetrated most of the Chilean political parties and, in a general way, conceded that covert operations existed. "The presumption under which we conduct that type of operation," he said, "is that it is a covert operation and that the United States hand is not to show."

But it was in his April 22 testimony before the House Armed Services subcommittee on intelligence that Colby in an amazingly candid manner gave away the story of the eight million dollars. Presumably unaware of Colby's testimony, several State Department officials continued in testimony in ensuing months to deny CIA involvement. The CIA's new policy under Colby is to answer fairly fully, while volunteering nothing, whatever questions are raised by congressional committees responsible for overseeing the intelligence community. Colby's view is that it is up to

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these committees to inform, or not, other members of Congress. Colby seems to be turning into the most candid CIA director in a quarter of a century. The disclosure of Colby's testimony by Harrington thus had something of a bombshell effect on Kissinger's State Department. Its spokesman said that "we stand by" the denials made by past and present State Department officials before congressional committees.

The continuing question, aside from the matter of Colby *vs.* Kissinger credibility, is what else the United States perpetrated in Chile. At least one highly informed official had this to say: "Colby's testimony is only the tip of the iceberg."

Tad Szulc

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Star-crossed Tristar

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation is counting on the L-1011 Tristar jumbo jet to save it from bankruptcy. The new commercial airliner, which carries 250 to 400 passengers and is Lockheed's answer to the Boeing 747, is a comfortable, beautiful airplane. Lockheed is trying to sell 180 of the jets, worth about $20 million apiece, as part of a deal it made last spring with Textron, Inc., under which Textron would pay $85 million in return for 45 percent of Lockheed's common stock, and some of its preferred stock. So far 142 planes have been sold, including the seven planes All Nippon Airways, the Japanese carrier, bought last week. Lockheed has until the end of December to sell the remaining 38 Tristars. It has prospects in England, the Middle East and in Southeast Asia (US carriers with Tristars in their fleets include Eastern, TWA, Delta and Pacific-Southwest). If Lockheed is successful in unloading the aircraft in time, the US government will be released from its guarantee of $250 million in loans to the ailing Lockheed Corporation.

The Tristar may save taxpayers' money and keep Lockheed's head above water, but there is something else at stake that concerns me; namely, the question of whether the L-1011 is safe to fly before something is done about the Rolls Royce engines that develop hairline cracks, leak oil, lose pressure, and as a result have, on occasion, had to be shut off in flight. The Tristar has three engines, two on the wings and one on the tail, and it can take off and fly with one engine incapacitated. A few days ago, just before it committed itself to purchase seven additional Tristars, All Nippon temporarily grounded its existing fleet of six L-1011s because of two incidents in which wing engines leaked oil and lost pressure. Lockheed has asked Rolls Royce, Ltd. to look into the problem. Rolls has sent a man to Tokyo to try to talk All Nippon into thinking that there is no reason to ground the planes. Lockheed says that as part of a routine "continuing improvement program" about half the engines on the 83 Tristars in service have been modified.

Acrophobes I know won't fly in any new aircraft until it has been in service without mishap for a few years. They recall the three crashes of Boeing 727s when they were first introduced. Pilots, in that case, weren't sufficiently familiar with the descent characteristics of the 727, and as a result took planes down short of runways, with disastrous consequences. There has been one L-1011 crash so far, in the Florida Everglades. It was ascribed to pilot error.

All Nippon, as I know from painful personal experience, is not the only airline flying the Tristar that has encountered engine trouble. Two weeks ago on a flight to San Juan, an Eastern Airlines L-1011 had a similar mishap. The tail engine lost oil pressure and had to be shut off in the air. The plane was scheduled to depart San Juan on its way to Baltimore but was delayed because Eastern's technicians were having problems isolating the source of the oil leak and pressure loss. (I know now from talking to an Eastern official that what was wrong was a "clogged oil scavenge filter screen.") Half an hour after the scheduled takeoff Eastern's customer service representative announced that the problem hadn't been corrected and that the plane was going to be taxied out onto a runway so that the engines could be raced. Mechanics were hoping that that would give them a clue to the source of the malfunction. Some minutes later the agent came back to his microphone to announce that the mechanics still didn't know what was wrong, but the pilot had concluded that he would nevertheless take the plane and its 250 passengers aloft. However he would not fly all the way to Baltimore, only as far as Miami—two and a half hours from San Juan over water—and then the passengers would be transferred to another plane. The scene at the San Juan airport was reminiscent of *The High and the Mighty*. We were being asked to trust our lives to a defective aircraft and a pilot who thought he could make it to Florida, though perhaps not to Baltimore. Eastern had no other planes in San Juan to substitute;

COMING: Bernard Gwertzman reviews the Kalb brothers' book on Secretary of State Kissinger

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other flights to places like New York that night (Labor Day) were fully booked.

Passengers debated among themselves about what to do, but since the plane did fill up, I assume everyone finally decided that Eastern knew what it was doing. On the plane, on the ground, Eastern's stewardesses tranquilized us with free liquor. The plane sat there for two hours while pilot and mechanics continued to work on the engine to no avail. Dinner was served, also on the ground. When Eastern's agent came aboard to say that new difficulties had been encountered, this time with the oxygen system and with a bearing, about 30 people got off the plane. The mechanical problems, or more likely the loss of passenger revenue, caused Eastern finally to conclude that the L-1011 was not going anywhere. Instead Eastern would fly another Tristar from Miami to San Juan to pick up the stranded passengers. In the meantime we were given more booze and free long distance calls to the mainland.

The new Tristar arrived in time to make the flight to Baltimore seven hours behind schedule, and without further incident. But for several hours we'd been left by Eastern to fear that we would have to risk our lives for the sake of getting back to work the Tuesday after Labor Day. We made it but I have no further travel plans involving L-1011s and won't have til the Tristar is proved to be airworthy.

David Sanford

The California Experience

How to Use Land

Petaluma, Calif.

When the House of Representatives debated a land use planning bill earlier this year, few congressmen gave much thought to the city of Petaluma. Yet what's happening in this old farming community 40 miles north of San Francisco will greatly influence the future of land use planning in the United States. Can a community plan the rate and limits of its own growth, as Petaluma is trying to do? Or must it yield without resistance to the population overflow of nearby metropolitan areas as a federal judge contends?

The issue in Petaluma is drawn clearly and nonracially; this is not a snobbish suburb trying to keep out blacks or low-income people. Since the late 19th century, Petaluma has been a small commercial center for the surrounding farms of Sonoma County. It used to call itself the egg basket of the world until factory-style egg production drove the local chicken ranchers out of business. Now it mainly services a dwindling number of dairy farmers.

The town itself, or at least the old section, is a pleasant mixture of tree-lined streets, Victorian residences, churches, parks and independent stores. It is this small-town character, plus the surrounding open space, that Petalumans would like to maintain. But the forces working for change are powerful.

In 1956 the road to San Francisco was widened into a freeway and routed through the center of town. Slowly at first, then more rapidly as the suburbs nearer San Francisco filled up and became expensive, commuters discovered Petaluma's attractive rural setting and moderately priced housing. From a population of 10,000 in 1960, Petaluma grew to 24,500 in 1970 and then spurted to nearly 30,000 by the end of 1971—a 20 percent jump in less than two years. The side of the city east of the freeway became a sea of look-alike tract homes, shopping centers and fast food emporiums.

The population surge at the turn of the decade changed Petaluma's attitude toward growth. Throughout the 1960s Petaluma's leaders had assumed that growth was a good thing. The city routinely expanded its water and sewage facilities so that new developments could hook up. But by 1971 the schools were in double session; tax increases were needed to pay for new city services; and it had become clear that if the rate of growth did not diminish, the entire valley in which Petaluma is situated would eventually be covered by wall-to-wall subdivisions.

In retrospect it is astonishing how quickly and with how much public support the city responded to its new perceptions. In January 1971 the city council imposed a moratorium on all development until the city could work out a growth control plan. Next the city mailed a questionnaire to 10,000 residents along with their water bills. Of the 2400 people who responded, 80 percent were strongly opposed to continuous urbanization of the valley; 81 percent wanted a greenbelt around the city; 62 percent wanted to preserve Petaluma's small-town atmosphere; 56 percent said the city's growth ought to stop at 40,000. Even the chamber of commerce expressed doubts about the desirability of unfettered growth—after all the new shopping centers were not helping the older downtown merchants.

A planning consultant was hired; numerous citizens' advisory committees were formed; there was a spate of public hearings and conferences. The city council and the planning commission considered various approaches to limiting growth. Under one proposal the city itself would have purchased all developable land and leased it to developers when and if, in the city's judgment, the time was right to do so. Finally the council adopted a plan with three major features. First the city would cease to annex surrounding territory and would not provide water and sewage for developments outside city boundaries, thus creating a *de facto* greenbelt around Petaluma. Second within the city limits permits for subdivisions of five or more units

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would be restricted to 500 a year for the next five years. Finally a citizens' board would review all applications for the 500 building permits and rate them according to such criteria as impact on schools and traffic patterns, amount of open space provided, and general harmony with the neighborhood. In a referendum held in June 1973, 82 percent of the city's voters approved the plan.

City officials pointed out that the plan was not a ban on growth, nor did it restrict construction of nontract developments of four units or less. It simply limited the rate of tract development to 500 units a year—approximately the city's growth rate at the end of the 1960s—and created a competitive procedure through which the public could select the kind of development it wanted. "It is a compromise which permits developers to develop and the citizenry to receive a better product," explained the city attorney. In the brief time the plan was in operation, it appears to have worked well. For 1972-73 the citizens' review board chose from among 2000 building permit applications. "We were getting better housing," says city manager Robert H. Meyer. "Knowing they were in competition with others, builders were more generous with open space and bicycle paths. They provided better treatment of creeks. They were encouraged to provide lower-cost housing."

The construction industry was not so pleased. In April 1973, two California builders' associations, along with some Sonoma county landowners, sued Petaluma in US district court, alleging principally that the city's growth control plan violated the constitutional right to travel. The National Association of Home Builders, seeing the Petaluma plan as a dangerous (to builders) precedent, chipped in $25,000 toward the suit. Early this year the trial judge, Lloyd H. Burke, ruled in favor of the builders, thereby throwing the Petaluma plan into limbo and raising some thorny issues.

The builders contended, and Judge Burke agreed, that no city has a right to "draw up the bridge over the moat and turn people away." If one city "draws up the bridge" others could follow and eventually the right of citizens to reside where they choose would be seriously infringed. Therefore not just numerical limitations on building permits, but "any and all" policies that "directly or indirectly seek to control population growth by any means other than market demands," are unconstitutional. Petaluma has appealed, and the Supreme Court will probably have the final say.

The trouble with the trial judge's ruling is that it leaves a gaping void in the public's ability to cope with growth. If cities can't regulate their own growth, who can? The recent Rockefeller brothers task force report, *The Use of Land*, argues that regional bodies are best equipped to deal with metropolitan sprawl, since cities' interests are too parochial. Conceivably a regional agency could balance a growth limitation in one community with a new town or high density development elsewhere, thereby safeguarding the right to settle somewhere within a broad metropolitan area. However neither Petaluma nor the vast majority of small communities faced with unwanted growth has a regional body to turn to that possesses the authority to zone, construct or not construct water and sewer lines, mandate new towns or otherwise regulate development. It's possible that regional bodies with such powers could be created, but how would people control them, and meanwhile what are people to do? The federal land use planning bill, killed by the House this year but likely to be revived next session, will be an exercise in paper pushing unless *some* government entities with ties to the people have the power to act.

It used to be that local governments competed with each other to attract new development, and that builders had their greatest clout at the local level. This is still the case in many parts of the country, but what is clearly emerging is a trend in the other direction—local governments, far more than regions or states, are starting to opt against development. Though Petaluma is the only city to have imposed a numerical ceiling on new construction, scores of communities have utilized other growth-controlling devices in recent years. Ramapo, NY has required that development not exceed the pace of its own fairly gradual capital improvement program. Livermore, California has adopted a similar ordinance. St. George, Vermont did what Petaluma thought of doing—it purchased the last developable land within its borders and will lease it for development only when it is good and ready. Suffolk County, NY is buying farms threatened with development and leasing them back to family farmers. Dozens of communities have adopted low-density zoning plans or simply decided not to expand their water or sewer systems.

Faced with this shift in local policies, builders and landowners have turned to the courts to protect their right to develop. In the past the courts have generally held that exclusionary measures that effectively discriminate against racial or low-income minorities violated the Constitution's equal protection clause. The Petaluma ruling goes much further, since it involves neither equal protection nor the taking of property without due process. If upheld, it could throw a devastating monkey wrench into sincere, nondiscriminatory efforts to preserve a diversity of environments within metropolitan regions.

The pressures created by urban growth present a

SOON: the energy blueprint—
a critique by Eliot Marshall
of Project Independence

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host of difficult dilemmas. New houses have to be built somewhere. Should they be squeezed into existing central cities, sprawled over prime agricultural land, clustered in small satellite communities, or concentrated in built-from-scratch new towns? Who should decide, and how? If there s such a thing as an optimum size for a city, what is it and who should define it?

Neither the courts nor developers nor small local governments are, by themselves, ideally suited to resolve these dilemmas, but a start has to be made somewhere and Petaluma has given it a try. "The real question is not whether our particular solution is the right one," says Petaluma's school teacher-mayor Helen Putnam, "but whether cities have a right to approach their problems in the way that they choose. I certainly sympathize with the plight of large cities and with the desire of many people to live in small cities. All we're saying is that we, as a community, must look at our own capabilities and come up with our own answers. There's no one else that can do it for us."

Peter Barnes

He's Back

Eugene McCarthy

Eugene McCarthy is the most interesting and exasperating dropout in modern American politics, partly because he repeatedly drops back in. He arrived in the House of Representatives as a member of a very bright 1948 class of new Democratic congressmen. He led their study group, moved on to the Senate, and then in 1968 challenged Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam war by running for the Democratic presidential nomination. By so doing he aroused a certain class of voters, especially the young, as they had not been aroused since the Stevenson campaign of 1952. Maybe McCarthy might have made it to the top if Robert Kennedy had not belatedly entered the race in '68, maybe not. Anyway McCarthy lost. Well, he was only 52 and still senator.

Soon after he dropped off the Foreign Relations Committee, for reasons plain to him though not to others. Then he chose not to run for reelection in 1970, to the satisfaction of Hubert Humphrey but the dismay of his followers. He was offered the ambassadorship to the United Nations and declined it.

He was greeted on the streets by people who wanted to shake his hand (he is today), but he had less and less influence on policy. He taught, wrote poetry, lectured, earned a living. He did not use this time as Lincoln had used the two years between his defeat for the Senate in 1858 and his nomination for the presidency in 1860. (Lincoln labored over and delivered several magnificent speeches in Illinois, New York and New England, which expressed more clearly and forcefully than anyone else had where the country was and where it must go.) A trace of resentment crept into the humor, yet his comments were the wittiest and sometimes the most wicked and truest heard in Washington. After a stem-winding speech by a colleague: "I knew he was bad, but I didn't know he was that good at it." Asked to advise one Democratic candidate, he said: "Giving ———— information is like giving arms to the Royal Laotian Army." If a leading contender for the presidency in 1972 "had been Paul Revere he would have arrived on his horse the next day and cried 'The British were here!' " (McCarthy's still at it. On President Ford: "He told us about the glue that holds government together. Can you see that on a monument? If you come from Grand Rapids, glue is very important. It holds together all the furniture they make up there. The other day Ford said he wanted the 'unvarnished facts.' ")

In 1972 he ran in the Illinois presidential primary and got 40 percent of the Democratic vote. He was again willing to be nominated for the presidency, though less willing to organize and lead an aggressive national campaign. One heard that he was feckless, vengeful, testimony to the incompatibility of wanting power and distrusting it.

So here he is again, announcing that he is a "deadly serious candidate for the White House in 1976" as the head of a third force. A Committee for a Constitutional Presidency, inspired and spoken for by him, was set up in Chicago in August through the generosity of a few Midwestern enthusiasts. The committee, which has a small staff in Washington, DC and enough capital to finance it until the end of this year, will send the opinions of McCarthy and perhaps McCarthy himself around the country and test the chances of a third party in 1976. McCarthy wants to be heard and has learned he won't be heard unless he has a platform and becomes a potential political threat.

It would be wrong to interpret his reemergence as a response to frustration, or the nostalgia of a one-time star for applause. He *is* "deadly serious," and the impulse behind the new committee is not something new to him. The processes by which we are governed, the requirement of strict accountability by Presidents to constitutional restraints have been a key concern of McCarthy's for years. That, more than Vietnam, was at the heart of his '68 campaign. He sees in President Ford's pardon of Mr. Nixon only the latest example of abuse of authority that must be checked.

In one of Galsworthy's novels a politician says to another: "All you say only amounts, you see, to a defense of the so-called Liberal spirit; and, forgive my candor, that spirit being an importation from the

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realms of philosophy and art, withers the moment it touches practical affairs." That indictment is made of McCarthy by the professionals. He is not a technician. He has always acted as if the means would be found once the ends are stated. It is his shortcoming as a politician and adds to his attractiveness as a man.

The word liberal is confusing. McCarthy is a conservative, an almost extinct breed. He believes in the maximum of liberty, the minimum of coercion. He respects due process. He very early opposed the war in Vietnam, as Walter Lippmann did and as conservatives should have, because it represented a cruel and unnecessary exercise of power. He was convinced that no vital national interest required the waste of lives and fortunes. It took about four years for that elementary prudence to become the common wisdom.

He moves toward 1976 as a potential third-party candidate because he thinks he cannot make his ideas or presence felt within the Democratic party, because he is doubtful whether that party has leaders who are capable of giving sensible direction, and because he is impressed by the growing number of independent voters. (A Harris poll in late 1973 showed 28 percent identifying themselves as "Independent," up from 17 percent who so classified themselves in 1968.) His bid has in it an adverse judgment about the most talked-of Democratic nominees. McCarthy was never a Kennedy man; he isn't today. He is even less a Jackson man, and if he must act "the spoiler" as a third-party candidate to thwart the nomination of either one he will do it. He does not plan to enter any primaries, nor need he. In most states he could get on the ballot by collecting the required number of signatures of registered voters.

And yet I'm skeptical of his new venture. The proposition that the President should act in conformity to the Constitution will encounter little opposition from either of the major parties in the near future. Where there is argument it will be over details and will occur within both parties, and the theme of constitutionality is not a basis for a new party. This is not '68, when the Democratic party's line on Vietnam forced a challenge, but even then the challenge was more effectively made within the party than it could have been made from without. Second, it seems to me that McCarthy is insufficiently sensitive to the changes that are taking place in the Democratic party on procedures for selecting its next presidential candidate. The rules of the game in two years will not be what they were in '68 or in '72. The nomination is far more open to influence by nonestablishment politicians than it has been, and McCarthy still has great appeal to voters who are more likely than not to cast Democratic ballots.

I think he has gone the wrong route and that he won't make it to the end, which would be too bad. For as LaGuardia almost said, I'd vote for him on a laundry ticket.

Gilbert A. Harrison

The Nothing King

The consensus at which we have lately arrived is not the one of which Lyndon Johnson dreamed, but it is a pretty solid opinion that the chief occupation of the American citizen for some time to come will consist of trying to pick up the pieces of his late government and fit them together before the next hurricane hits.

But before we become absorbed in the salvage operation, it is certainly advisable to give ear to the political arson squad that is trying to tell us that the catastrophe was by no means as simple a thing as some of us find it convenient to believe. Part of it, but only part, is due to the fact that there came three unwise men, curiously antiphonal to "Casper and Melchior and swart Balthasar"—bright John and dulcet Lyndon and oily Richard M.—not from the East, but successively from Massachusetts, Texas and California, all bearing hallucinogenic gifts. The first created the dazzle of gold in his evocation of King Arthur, the second the fragrance of incense in his materialization of Santa Claus, the third offered a revival of Machiavelli as bitter and narcotizing as myrrh.

Each of these contributed somewhat to the misdirection that brought us, unwittingly, very close to deposing the Sovereign Citizen and replacing him with a usurper, the Sovereign President. It was a narrow squeak, how narrow is not yet realized by probably a third of the American people. The deadly factor is that the proposed usurpation was strongly assisted by the Sovereign himself, and unless this is recognized and taken into account by the majority who are capable of thinking, no adequate barriers will be set up against a recurrence of the attempted subversion.

The frightening truth is that within the past 25 years the Sovereign American Citizen has acquired much of the intellectual and moral coloration of the late Merovingian kings of France, the *rois faineants*, "nothing kings," who couldn't be bothered with ruling and were content to let power drift into the hands of the mayor of the palace. The inevitable end was that there came a mayor more vigorous than Nixon and as ruthless. He deposed the king, seized the crown and begot Charlemagne, since when the Merovingians have been as inconsequential as shadows on the wall. And why not? For that matter if the American Sovereign Citizen is too indolent or too stupid to retain final authority in his own hands, it will be better for the world when some new Pepin the Short takes over.

Nixon was not the man for that job, and his unfitness became plain before successful subversion was possible. But if the Sovereign Citizen refuses to drag his rump off the cushioned throne and chase out the fake magi, American democracy, like the Merovingian dynasty, will become "as a tale that is told."

Gerald W. Johnson

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A Passel of Problems to be Solved

Greece in Transition

by Stanley Karnow

Athens

The many officials, politicians, businessmen, lawyers, journalists, students and diplomats I have seen in this talkative capital within the past week have, almost without exception, reacted with either scorn or skepticism to Secretary of State Kissinger's recent pledge that, despite "some misunderstandings and disagreements," the United States intends "to restore and to deepen" its friendship with Greece and do its "utmost" to support the new civilian government headed by Premier Constantine Karamanlis. One member of the Karamanlis cabinet, a studious gentleman educated in the United States, described Kissinger to me as "a cynic whose so-called *realpolitik* shows immoral disregard for people," and other comments I have heard have been similarly passionate. This rage against Kissinger not only reflects Greek displeasure with his handling of the Cyprus crisis, which has propelled the Turks into a dominant position on the island but it also represents an outburst of hostility against the United States for having propped up the cruel and inept military regime that governed Greece for seven years until its collapse during the summer. In my opinion these complaints are largely justified. For the Cyprus issue, which arouses the kind of emotions among Greeks that the question of Alsace-Lorraine once evoked in the French, could probably have been capped had the United States and the other Western powers intervened in the first instance to stand by Archbishop Makarios, the Cypriot president ousted by the Greek junta, or failing that, exerted pressure on Turkey not to extend its presence over the island.

To a large degree, however, these diatribes against Kissinger and the United States underline a significant trait in the Greeks. Inhabitants of a small, poor geographically vulnerable land, they have developed a sense of reliance on outside assistance even though to bolster their self-esteem, they constantly proclaim their sovereignty. The British, who helped them to gain freedom from the decrepit Ottoman Empire in the 19th century, remained an influence here until after World War II, and Lord Byron, who championed their cause, is still a national hero. The United States moved in during the civil war against the Communists, establishing a modern-day protectorate in which American diplomats, military officers and Central Intelligence Agency operatives, many of them of Greek origin, functioned inside the Greek administration and army almost as colonial advisers. The Greeks for the most part welcomed this dependent arrangement, so much so that an Athens landmark is a statue of President Truman, whose celebrated doctrine turned them into US clients. The link has been reinforced over the years, moreover, by the fact that some three million Greek-Americans in the United States have retained close ties with the "old country." Thus, it seems to me, the Greeks are currently denouncing the US with extraordinary stridency because they feel disappointed, even betrayed, that their principal defender should have let them down in the midst of a bitter dispute with their traditional enemy, the Turks.

One of the interesting aspects of US policy here is that different branches of the American government often squabbled over how to deal with Greece, and those squabbles still persist. Back in the spring of 1967, for example, when the US mission in Athens learned that two separate Greek military groups were preparing a coup d'état to head off a likely election victory by George Papandreou's left-of-center party, the CIA recommended that the election be rigged in favor of the conservatives in order to deprive the army of a pretext for a takeover. According to my source, who was involved in planning the maneuver, the idea was rejected by the American ambassador, then Phillips Talbot, on the grounds that the US should not interfere in Greece's domestic affairs, and it was spurned by American military commanders in the region who preferred a junta with which they could do business. As a result, Col. George Papadopoulos seized power, and until his upset last November by Brig. Gen. Demetrios Ioannides, he was pampered by Ambassador Henry J. Tasca, whose loyalty to the regime was such that he barred his staff from criticizing it in cables to Washington.

As myopic as Tasca was to the realities of Greece, the present effort to blame him for failing to avert the Cyprus crisis seems to me to be misplaced. From what I gather, he did advise Ioannides through CIA channels before the coup that the US disapproved of any designs against Makarios. Afterward, when he learned that Kissinger was not going to take decisive action to prevent the Turkish invasion of the island, Tasca resorted to a desperate measure. He sent a message to the Pentagon urging that the Sixth Fleet be deployed in the Aegean Sea to discourage the Turks. A copy of the message of course reached Kissinger, who fired back a cable to Athens accusing Tasca of having be-

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come "hysterical" and warning him against attempting another end run. Tasca, whose career is shattered, is due for recall soon. Despite their lack of respect for him, many diplomats here believe that his suggested naval tactic might have worked.

In any case nearly everyone I have talked with here agrees that the client relationship that tied Greece to the United States is now finished, or at least will never be the same again. And except for a few diehard Americans, everyone regards this change as healthy. But it clearly occurred at the worst possible moment and in the worst possible manner for the Greeks. For the Karamanlis government, which is dedicated to a policy independent of American tutelage, has come into office confronted by enormous problems. Karamanlis has taken it upon himself to set up an effective democracy, and he must also win an acceptable settlement of the Cyprus mess, and these two tasks are related. The Cyprus tangle, which the Greeks essentially perceive to be a new chapter in a millenium of conflicts with Turkey, impinges on the domestic political situation to the extent that Karamanlis cannot concede to a solution that dissatisfies Greek national pride without courting the risk of unleashing attacks from the left wing or prompting the army to try to resurrect a military regime or perhaps driving both these factions into an unholy alliance against him. Hence his internal challenge is aggravated by an external challenge.

If any Greek is qualified to grapple with this dilemma it is Karamanlis. He is a tough, honest conservative in his late 60s who, after serving as premier for eight years, chose exile in Paris in 1963 rather than compromise with his adversaries. He returned here at the end of July under circumstances that, for the present, give him considerable strength.

The situation during the last week of July was chaotic. The Turks had landed in Cyprus and were threatening to invade Greece, and the Ioannides regime had simply evaporated. The country's military leaders, virtually on the verge of panic, appealed to Gen. Phaedon Gizikis, the figurehead president, to create a civilian government that could extricate them from the predicament. On the afternoon of July 23 Gizikis brought the army, air force and navy commanders together with nine or 10 prominent politicians from rival parties, and by evening they had decided on a government under Panayotis Canellopoulos, a conservative ex-premier, with George Mavros, a liberal, as his deputy. Following further bargaining, however, the politicians and generals changed their minds and reached the conclusion that Karamanlis was more popular with the public and had greater prestige with the armed forces. They then telephoned him and invited him to come back from Paris. The point of this story is that Karamanlis did not make a bid for power but returned here in response to a plea. Accordingly he made no deals with the military leaders but accepted, as one of his associates put it, their "unconditional surrender."

Many of his critics argue that Karamanlis is being too soft on the old regime, and by way of evidence they point out that Papadopoulos is still living comfortably in a seaside villa belonging to Aristotle Onassis and that Ioannides was gently retired last week with the rank of major general. The premier's spokesmen acknowledged the truth of this evidence, but, they reply, Karamanlis must proceed slowly at a time when the danger of war with Turkey still exists and he cannot afford a wholesale purge of the Greek military establishment. His caution is plainly motivated as well by his fear that the armed forces may attempt to stage a comeback if their officers are harassed, and another coup d'état is more than Greece could stand. Nevertheless he has reshuffled the country's top military command, elevating to the senior post Gen. Ioanis Davos, who played an important part in the overthrow of the junta in July. Karamanlis has also begun to clean up the security apparatus through which the junta controlled the population. But, his aides explain, the big job lies ahead. There are 40,000 Greek officials spread throughout the provinces, and screening them all will be a vast operation. Besides it will require immense labor to separate those who were guilty of

"But—but—I have pressing business in China."

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criminal conduct from those who collaborated with the junta out of passivity. Except for a few extremists, one of whom just returned here from the US, I found surprisingly little clamor for revenge.

Karamanlis considers his government to be merely temporary, and his first objective is to hold elections as soon as possible, probably within the next six months. His primary purpose is to win himself legitimacy, and with that, to establish a new political system, since the present structure is a mishmash. The junta deposed King Constantine and proclaimed a republic, but Karamanlis regards that move as having been illegal. Unless he intends to restore the monarchy, which is unlikely, he must somehow contrive to retire the king formally. Although nobody has said so bluntly, I suspect that he hopes to set up a sort of Gaullist presidency, partly because he knew and admired de Gaulle and partly because he believes that Greece needs a strong executive. This was signaled to me the other day when one of his close colleagues noted that the only slogan that was popular during the period of junta rule was the one that condemned the old parliamentary system, which in many respects resembled the French Fourth Republic.

Another page that Karamanlis took out of the French book was his decision to pull Greece out of military participation in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. This was an extremely shrewd move from a domestic political viewpoint, since it deflated opponents, particularly on the left, who thought that they could tarnish him as a lackey of the US. The move was also justifiable since the alliance, despite its official claim to safeguard democratic traditions, did nothing to curb the dictatorship here. Nor was NATO of much help to Greece during the Cyprus crisis, when it was either unable or unwilling to mediate a fight between two of its members. So, the Greeks say, they quit NATO because NATO abandoned them. It strikes me, though, that Karamanlis might have been wiser in tactical terms had he threatened to withdraw from NATO in order to impel the United States and the Europeans to exert pressure on Turkey to show restraint in Cyprus. That is obviously what he is doing now in respect to the US military installations here, and the Greeks stress it is precisely because Karamanlis dropped out of NATO that his threat to close down the American facilities is credible.

The extent of the American involvement in Greece—and a key reason successive administrations in Washington have paid so much attention to the country—is mirrored in the number of US military operations going on here. The naval bases are the most apparent fixtures, but they are the least important parts of the machinery. Far more vital to the United States are the Iraklion air stations on the island of Crete, a secret installation that monitors Soviet movements in the Mediterranean, the US air force facility near the capital, a key link to the Middle East, and a number of places throughout Greece at which tactical nuclear weapons are deployed. To shift these activities would not only entail huge costs, but it is not entirely certain where they could be relocated. Turkey is considered out of range for certain intelligence surveillance of the Balkans, and Italy is regarded as too unstable politically for a massive investment in military real estate. Against this background the Greeks know that they are in an enviable bargaining posture, and their negotiations on the US presence here may explain Kissinger's softer tone toward them. The Greeks are aware, however, that they cannot jettison the Americans without weakening their own security.

Politically, meanwhile, the new Greek government is striving to return to the European fold, and George Mavros, the foreign minister, went to Paris, Bonn and Brussels last week with that in mind. The French, who are seeking to displace US influence here, have been especially cordial to the Greeks and are promoting their efforts to join the European Common Market, which would have nothing to do with the junta. Besides perking up Greek morale, membership in the Common Market would help the country's sagging economy, which has been suffering from the highest inflation rate on the continent.

With all this, though, the crucial ingredient in the future stability of the Karamanlis government or any other civilian regime here is going to be the Cyprus issue. His aides admit that Greece was originally responsible for the crisis because of the junta's action against Makarios, and they express the wish that the Turks would cease exploiting their blunder. At the same time, however, they know that they cannot expect much generosity from Turkey as long as Turkish Premier Ecevit needs to appease his military supporters. The best they can hope for is a loose federation of ethnic cantons under a central Cypriot authority. Getting that kind of settlement is bound to be snagged by Turkish insistence on keeping troops on the island. What worries the Greeks more is that the Turks will press for a partition of Cyprus in which they consolidate their control of the richest part of the island they now hold. Such an accommodation would, by putting numbers of Greek Cypriots either under Turkish authority or leaving them to rot in refugee camps, mean another Palestinian problem in the Mediterranean.

Plagued as it is by both domestic and foreign problems, Greece is searching for a role in an area that has lost its equilibrium. Much of its trouble can be attributed to the fact that, partly because of its own inadequacies and partly as a result of its strategic location, it became a virtual pawn of the US, which has sacrificed Greek interests for the sake of its own aims. The lesson to be drawn from this episode, then, may be that it is tragic to be a small nation in a Kissinger world—or in any world.

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The New Imperial Persia

Iran: Poor King Midas

by Richard Critchfield

Teheran

The streets of oil-rich Teheran are not yet paved with gold. But enough new $30,000 Mercedes 350s are whizzing by so that it can be worth your life to cross them. And while few can match the Iranian industrialist who is building a replica of Marie Antoinette's Trianon palace out in the suburbs, a *nouveau riche* spending spree is expected to push Iran's imports up to $10 billion this year.

Popular expectations here are soaring into the stratosphere. With at least a threefold rise in foreign exchange earnings up to anywhere between $18 billion and $22 billion and an expected GNP growth rate of 40 percent this year they can afford to. No other big (population, 32 million) development-minded poor country has ever gotten so rich so fast. The Saudi Arabians, who will have the biggest share of the one trillion dollars the oil-producing countries are expected to earn within the next decade, have so far opted to remain a conservative, traditional Islamic desert society. The real economic and social transformation will come in Iran.

Americans and other foreigners find Teheran's clerks, waiters, cab drivers and the ordinary man in the street have suddenly become so rude, surly and indifferent it has become a prime topic of conversation. Perhaps they are caught up in the big money fever and everyone is preoccupied with schemes to get his share. But a more interesting explanation, put forward by old hands in Iran, is that the common folk, in some collective subconscious way perhaps only Jung could describe, are somehow avenging Persia's defeat by that blond and blue-eyed Western upstart, Alexander, down in the Assyrian foothills 2305 years ago.

To Americans preparing to celebrate their nation's 200th birthday in 1976, such long memories may seem fantastic. But within the single rule of Cyrus the Great (559-530 BC), the Persians swept over the entire Fertile Crescent to create the first world empire; to hear the Iranians talk, it might have happened yesterday. Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi, the Shah of Iran, is referred to locally as His Imperial Majesty, King of Kings, Light of the Aryans, the titles Cyrus bore.

Even as a young man in the early 1950s he spoke of Khuzestan and the deserted Susiana plain of ancient Elam and the Persian kings as "our national salvation." At about this time ordinary Iranians began to talk of a new renaissance headed, as all the ancient ones were, by a fresh dynasty. The pomp and self-consciousness of the Shah's court and titles, the extraordinarily lavish 1971 ceremonies at Persepolis to observe the 2500-year anniversary of the founding of the Achaemenian dynasty, the Shah's role to spearhead the drive last year for a fourfold increase in oil prices and his hard line on prices ever since all point to one thing. Given the Shah's longevity, a period of stability and high oil prices, there may indeed be another Persia.

There are 15,000 Americans resident in Iran today and more are coming all the time. The Shah welcomes their technological expertise, just as Cyrus did his Ionian architects or Egyptian silversmiths, but in the Persian reference they are strange, if handy, interlopers. More central is the military build-up, purchases of 740 more tanks, 210 combat planes, 700 helicopters last year. And the import deals, investments and loans that reel off faster than you can count them: $1.2 billion credit to Britain, a five billion dollar venture for five nuclear power plants from France, one billion dollars to Egypt for development of Port Said, the widening of the Suez Canal and an oil pipeline from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean (Darius also built a canal between the Nile and the Red Sea), $580 million for jute, cotton and food ventures in Pakistan, one billion dollars for shipping, aluminum plants and mineral exploration in India, three billion dollars for joint ventures with Italy, one billion dollars for the World Bank, a one-fourth ownership of Krupp.

Massive investment will be made in petroleum refining, petrochemicals, steel, mining and agribusiness industry. Free schooling through the eighth grade will be introduced this month or as soon as enough schools and teachers can be found in a country still 60 percent illiterate. Free milk will be supplied all schoolchildren.

The only snag is agriculture. As King Midas found out, you can't eat gold. As incomes rise, so do appetites for meat, eggs, fruit, vegetables and dairy products. Per capita income in Iran was $380 before last December's oil price hike, the same as Malaysia's. It is estimated at $800 now and is expected to reach $1500 by 1978, $1800 by 1980 and $4500 within 18 years. This is jumping from an Afghan's poverty to an American's affluence in a single generation, something no major country has experienced before (Kuwait and Libya

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RICHARD CRITCHFIELD's *most recent book is* The Golden Bowl Be Broken *(Indiana University Press).*

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being economic oddities).

In the past six months, the lowest daily wage in Teheran has gone from $1.70 to $3.60 and farm wages from one dollar or $1.50 to $2.50 or so. The government is spending $300 million to subsidize such basic foods as wheat, sugar and barley. Even so, inflation is running at 15 percent. This is high but not high enough to offset 100 to 125 percent income jumps.

Iran's food imports have quadrupled in the past five years and are now approaching $500 million. A million tons of wheat is coming in this year along with 185,000 tons of rice (about two percent of the world exportable supply), where neither was imported a few years ago. There is talk of importing a million live sheep from Australia, 130,000 milk cows by 1979 and going into cattle raising in the Sudan, Senegal and Syria. Agreements—not yet contracts—have been signed with 150 agri-industries to introduce large-scale mechanized farming as a short cut to higher food production. Foreign agricultural experts starting to pour in range from Japanese silkworm culturists to six American cowboys from Colinga, California, here to set up a feedlot for 100,000 sheep and 30,000 beef cattle.

In 1969, 80 percent of Iran's food imports were the traditional ones of tea, sugar, coffee and vegetable oil. Now these have shrunk to 20 percent, the rest being foods Iran used to be self-sufficient in: beef, mutton, poultry, eggs, feed grain, wheat and rice. At a time of global food scarcity, Iran is coming into the world market in a big way. For the time being, a severe shortage of red meat is partly being met by vast smuggling operations of sheep herds from Afghanistan and Pakistan. But if Iran imports all the cattle it plans, it may soon join Europe and Japan in spending more on grain to feed their cattle than the poorest nations can afford to feed their people.

The big issue, however, is whether there really is any quick and easy way to modernize agriculture overnight. Nobody really knows.

The American Embassy is in the forefront of those arguing that big mechanized agribusinesses and farm corporations should get the lion's share of fixed investment as the fastest road to self-sufficiency. In strong opposition is the World Bank, which argues the Shah should worry more about the social-economic impact of Iran's sudden wealth and not simply about maximizing food production. The bank feels Iran should resign itself to being a major food importer for the foreseeable future.

The argument has been raging for several years. It dates back to the Shah's major 1962-69 land reform, which effectively broke the power of big absentee landlords over sharecroppers or, in some cases, virtual serfs who exchanged their labor in return for a small plot of their own to till. Today 80 percent of Iran's farmers cultivate holdings of less than 25 acres; the vast majority are family-sized farms of five to seven acres supporting an average of 5.7 people. Less than 25 percent of Iran's 21.5 million permanently cultivated acres is irrigated and less than a fourth of this has the kind of controlled water supply required to grow the latest high-yielding wheat and rice varieties. The problem is further complicated by Iran's extremely diverse rural population, divided as it is into Lur, Kurd, Turk, Baluchi, Bakhtiari and other tribal minorities, each of whom has its own distinct traditional farming methods. But by and large tractors are rented for plowing, with seeding, irrigation and harvesting done by hand or with the help of draft animals. Chemical fertilizer is cheap, commercially available and has become widely used in recent years but scientific methods are little known or understood. productivity is very low and in many parts of the Iranian Plateau methods of cultivation have changed very little since prehistoric Neolithic times.

The shortage of water imposes the biggest constraint although with massive investment it may be possible to double the 9.5 million acres now partly irrigated.

Faced with this discouraging picture and a population expected to reach 36 million by 1978 and 40 million by 1980, the Shah in 1955 asked David E. Lilienthal, former chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, to take a look at the Susiana plain (Khuzestan) and see if he thought Biblical (and Koranic) prophecy could be fulfilled and the desert made to bloom again.

By 1959 Lilienthal produced a multibillion-dollar blueprint calling for 14 dams, 6600 megawatts of power production and an ambitious canal system to irrigate a first phase of 2.5 million acres. This led to the construction of 647-foot Pahlavi Dam on the Dez River, the highest in the Middle East. At first an attempt was made to use 70,000 scattered local peasants and Arab tribals as the instrument of modernization. This failed and six years ago the Shah invited in big, privately financed American agribusiness firms, the kind that had transformed California's San Joaquin and Imperial valleys with their big capital and big technology. Today four companies, three American and one British, have leveled, irrigated and are farming, with the latest scientific techniques, some 150,000 acres of the planned target. These agribusinesses, however, primarily interested in profit and staffed by salaried technicians, have bitterly alienated the local rural population, at least half of which was displaced, jobless, without being offered alternative homesites or employment. This represents only a start; hundreds of thousands of acres on the Susiana plain remain to

COMING: John Osborne begins his White House watch with a report on Ford's first month

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be irrigated. It is a question of building more dams and deciding whether to do it with more agribusinesses or colonization of smaller, family-sized farms.

The Shah considers the project successful enough so he just agreed to the establishment of another 250,000-acre project in the Dashte Mogan region of northwest Iran where he has recently completed a hydroelectric dam across the Aras River as a joint venture with Russia. Half of this land will be farmed by agribusinesses and the rest by farm corporations. This latter, another Iranian innovation for rapid agricultural mechanization, encloses small farms in a single big operation. Each farmer is given shares in a joint stock corporation and receives wages as well as dividends based on how much land he originally handed over. What happens in practice is that with mechanization the need for wage labor declines and the small shareholders get poorer and the big ones richer. The only real advantage is that the small farmers, once they are trained and monetized, tend to sell out and get skilled jobs in the cities.

The World Bank has opposed both agribusinesses and farm corporations (there are now 56, a few over 50,000 acres) from the start. As the bank's Wolf Ladijinsky pointed out in the late 1960s, not always coolly, a disproportionate share of Iran's resources was being awarded a minute part of the farm land that needed help. (Even currently the agribusinesses and farm corporations provide less than 10 percent of Iran's total food output.) Iran lacked the resources, Ladijinsky argued, to absorb in industry and agribusiness the huge new labor force that would be created by a modern equivalent of a wholesale "enclosure" movement. He favored devoting more attention instead to the nation's largest semiskilled force, its small farmers.

Fortunately, now that he has the resources, the Shah has resolved the argument by investing in both, although the emphasis when the new budget for the current five-year plan goes to parliament this month is expected to be on the World Bank approach.

The bank-recommended strategy is simple. At some point in every country's educational, economic and social development a stage is reached where agricultural supply becomes extremely elastic—so that production expands and new methods of cultivation are adopted in response to price incentives. Its strategy is to hasten the arrival of this point with water, power, credit and technical assistance to small and medium farmers plus the creation of small market towns specially developed to absorb and employ those whom a natural evolution of farm consolidation will render jobless. It is much more humanitarian and hence in the end probably more workable than the agribusiness or farm corporation approach.

The first phase will be to try to slow down the rate of land fragmentation by drawing most of a farmer's sons and potential heirs into 1200 newly created small market towns. Despite Iran's big investment in industry, most of it will be high-technology, capital-intensive with low labor requirements. Instead investment in processing plants for meat, milk and vegetables and fattening yards in the new towns is hoped to provide most of the needed new incremental employment.

Three-fourths of the 20 million rural Iranians now live in 18,000 of the country's 65,000 villages. Investment will mostly go to these 18,000 villages, where 1200 core villages will be chosen to become small market towns each servicing 10 to 15 satellite villages within a radius of six kilometers. The intention is that each new market town will provide a base for an expanding service sector to provide jobs in crafts, small agri-industries, dairies, construction and such skilled trades as auto mechanics, welders, machinists, carpenters and plumbers. Each core village and its satellites will be provided a power grid, water supply, feeder roads, drainage and sewage systems and primary and technical vocation schools (liberal arts education for the rural and urban proletariat is given short shrift in Iran's brave new world).

Iran's population is now 60 percent rural but the ratio is expected to be 50-50 within 10 years and 60 percent urban within 20 years. Belatedly, Iran's Agriculture Development Bank is setting up a major new credit program for small farmers and a crash program is underway to train agricultural extension workers. The Shah plans to increase the value-added target of agriculture from $4.5 billion to $8.5 billion over the next nine years, investing $17 billion directly in agriculture and another eight billion dollars in agriculture-based industry. But he is desperately short of agricultural technicians.

The social danger ahead is that even the lowliest worker in Teheran already is five times richer than his country cousin. With the present boom, he may soon be 10 to 15 times richer. Iran now has nationwide television and the folks out in the 65,000 villages, seeing all the prosperity in the capital, may not want to wait until the normal evolution of agricultural modernization works out its grindingly slow effect. But they will have to.

In pursuing his vision of another Persia, the Shah is increasingly aware of the damaging effect of the new high oil prices on the world's economy, especially the poorest countries (where as many as 10 to 50 million people may face severe malnutrition if not starvation this year). But he appears to be in the driver's seat when it comes to crude oil prices and almost no one here thinks he will back down and lower them. Even with its new riches, Teheran is a drab town, reminiscent of those dismal Balkan capitals in Eric Ambler novels. But down on the Khuzestan desert, standing among the crumbled pillars of Darius' throne room at Susa, astride the debris of a dozen great civilizations, it is easier to take the long view. Willy nilly, a new imperial Persia is becoming fact.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Saphead
(Rohauer)

Hollywood UK
by Alexander Walker
(Stein & Day; $12.50)

Buster Keaton's first feature *The Saphead*, made before he had his own company, was released in 1920 and, because of legal snarl, hasn't been shown since 1928. Raymond Rohauer, the Keaton specialist, has now unsnarled it and is releasing it, as is his usual procedure, accompanied by Keaton shorts to fill out a two-hour program.

The Saphead is based on a Broadway comedy-romance (and was previously filmed by Douglas Fairbanks as *The Lamb*). Like so many Broadway comedy-romances of those days, it's really about money. Keaton is the flubdub son of a Wall Street tycoon who inadvertently saves his father from ruin.

Keaton's later and better film *Seven Chances* was also a Broadway money-comedy, cinematically inhibited much of the time but with a magnificent conclusion. *The Saphead* doesn't break out of its theatrical shape far enough, even during the stock market maneuvers at the end; and Keaton's character triumphs only by obeying another man's orders. He's still an unchanged saphead at the end, which hurts the drama *and* the comedy. But even in this lesser picture Keaton's face makes us think again that a pensive angel has condescended to become mortal in order to make us laugh, and his physical magic makes us think that from time to time the angel betrays his non-corporeal origin.

The two shorts programmed with it by Rohauer are *Convict 13* (1920), which is good, and *The Bellboy* (1918) with Fatty Arbuckle, which is better. If nothing else remained of Keaton's work but *The Bellboy*, the world would know that he was a genius who could transmute the physical, past comedy, past dance, into the spiritual.

The English film critic Alexander Walker has written a history of an interesting epoch—the British film industry in the '60s. *Hollywood UK* is a title that itself contains the nub of one major element: Walker develops it well and surrounds it with a full account of a complicated cultural-economic phenomenon.

From its earliest days the history of the British film industry has been extraordinary, mostly for negative reasons. A good deal of the technological prehistory of the film took place in Britain, after which one might have thought that a nation of great dramatists and actors and leading theater directors might have gone on to contribute mightily to film. Not so. For a complex of reasons that included a silly censorship and the US domination of domestic screens, British development was slow. Allowing for some exceptional pictures, no major European country—other than Spain—made so negligible a film contribution as Britain before World War II.

After the war we got the flood of so-called Ealing comedies—*e.g.*, *The Man in the White Suit*, *Passport to Pimlico*—successfully selling quirky English humor to a world that glowed with Anglophilia. Then in the mid 1950s, where Walker takes up his story, a change took place. Lindsay Anderson and Karel Reisz and Tony Richardson became leaders of a movement called Free Cinema that coincided more or less with the arrival in the theater of Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, and Britain began to take a socially real look at itself. By 1960 we got such pictures as *Room at the Top* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. They were successful. And American companies, which had never been quite absent, moved in strongly.

"Foreign filmmakers," so Walker quotes Stanley Donen, "felt they had only to get to England, start making a film and somehow the excitement of life here would rub off on it." Hollywood tried to cash in on the British upsurge, particularly since production cost less cash than in the US. By 1969, of the 45 British features shown on the two main British theater circuits, 78 percent were wholly or partly American financed.

The social realist vein was mined heavily through the early 1960s, but though it wasn't played out in quality, it faded at the box office. In 1963 came *Billy Liar* with Julie Christie. "With Julie Christie, the British cinema caught the train south," Walker says, neatly summing up the move from locales in the North and the Midlands to London. (He likes the line so much he virtually repeats it 120 pages further on.) Social realism went: we got *Tom Jones*, the luckiest film ever made, the James Bond pictures, which were the biggest smashes in British film history, and the Beatles pictures. All of these had several American fingers in their pies.

But matters were not going well despite these successes. Television was gobbling away at the number of film theaters, and expenses were going up. One reason that Britain had a worse time with expenses than, say, Sweden, was that American financing had pushed union standards higher. A cruel contradiction became increasingly apparent: there wasn't a big enough domestic market for the kind of pictures that Britain wanted to make and the kind of money they cost. And, prodded by American interests to broaden their interests, British producers' judgment of the international market was, in mildest terms, erratic.

This aspect is not heavily enough underscored by Walker. British troubles, bad enough in themselves, were grievously aggravated by stupid British decisions. When Bryan Forbes was brought in to save one of the four remaining major studios in 1969, he announced 14 projects, most of which turned out to be disasters, one of which had to be aban-

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Chinatown. Roman Polanski psyching up a Hollywood '30s private-eye yarn. With Jack Nicholson and John Huston toe to toe. Above average picture, though not as far as it thinks.

Going Places. French post-'68 revolutionary energy dribbling off in social outrage. Two light-hearted young men in a non-light-hearted horror show with laughs.

Harry and Tonto. A 72-year-old man sets out to see the US. (With his cat, I'm afraid.) Sentimental comedy, often palatable, sometimes funny.

The Seduction of Mimi. Politics-crime-sex Italian and Sicilian style. Eccentric, amusing, good-looking and well acted.

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Stately American Novel

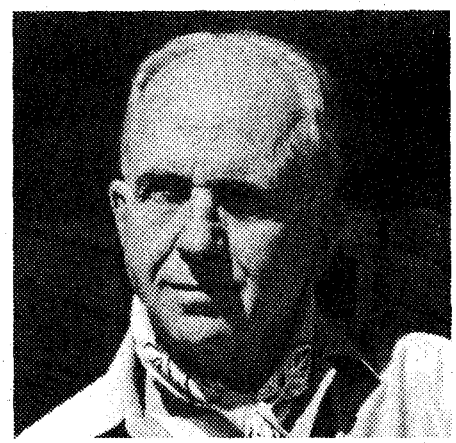
Centennial
by James A. Michener

(Random House; $10.95)

Centennial is another big Michener novel, sprawling, vast as the Colorado-Wyoming country it describes, loose as the morals of some of its characters, and as interminable as the millions of years of geologic time and human history it encompasses. Michener has structured his mass of material through the device of a historian's research report, requested by the editors of an Eastern magazine, of one American community, the town of Centennial, located on the South Platte River some few miles southeast of Greeley, Colorado. Prof. Vernor's exhaustive report and his chapter footnotes, "Caution to *US* editors," constitute the story of Centennial, the town whose name reflects the hundred years of statehood for Colorado and, by extension, the bicentennial of the nation.

The story begins, like a Wells *Outline of History* (and like Michener's own *Hawaii* and *The Source*), some three billion, six hundred years ago and carries us through the formation of the Rockies, the emergence of native flora, of aspen, spruce and pine, through the age of dinosaurs and the gargantuan intimacies of the 87-foot diplodocus; then the animals we associate with the West, the buffalo, horse, beaver, snake; and last of all man, whose first act, admitted as symbolic, is the killing of an old rattler. The human history that follows carries us into the late months of 1973 when rancher and amateur ecologist Paul Garrett is appointed to lead the preparation for Colorado's centennial celebration.

Centennial, like America, is in part the story of the land and of the people's relation to it. Here are the prairies, flat, endless, under an immensity of sky; alpine meadows, white peaks and air as clear and cold as spring water. And over the beautiful land hangs a pall of human loneliness, of cruelty and death. We see that death lies at the heart of life itself; but more specifically death follows the course of empire in its brutal, insistent westering. White people come, beaver lodges are trapped dry, buffalo are slaughtered, Indians starve and are killed. Texas longhorns are driven onto the plains, barbed wire fences go up; dry-land farmers plow and harrow, winds carry their top-soil away in towering clouds. Land agents gather like jackals about the failing farms. Alice Grebe, listening for years to the cry of the searing prairie winds, turns suddenly upon four of her children and slaughters them with a butcher knife. And still the railroads bring more people. "Only the rocks live forever," Gray Wolf, an Arapahoe, tells Lame Beaver his son, and one begins to understand how westering carries with it too a search for the peace of death.



Tessa J. Dalton

But *Centennial* is also the story of a river, the South Platte, "too thick to drink, too thin to plow." "If we can make the Platte comprehensible to Americans," an editor of *US* tells Vernor, "we can inspire them with the meaning of the continent." And that river (like the continent) is capricious, violent and giving, one moment a trickle wandering over a waste of sand, the next a raging wall of snow-swollen water carrying on its crest trees, barns, fence-posts, bridges, carcasses of horses and cattle. But the Platte is water, the prairie's life-giving element. It's a canal, the old sugar-beet farmer Hans Brumbaugh thinks, "that brought water from the mountains into the hands of men who knew how to use it." And Brumbaugh recalls us to those people who have made intelligent and humane use of the river's resource, whose canny hoarding and dispensing of that precious commodity have brought wheat, sugar-beets, melons—the best in the world—out of what once was called the Great American Desert. Numbers, short-sightedness and indifference have brought changes to the Platte (and to the continent). Crystal clear still in its high streams, as it enters the precincts of people it becomes a specter of neglect. Along the approaches to Denver, Vernor reports, "the Platte became a squalid thing, compressed between unkempt banks; it was one of the ugliest stretches of river in America, not much better than the Cuyahoga, which caught fire in Cleveland one day because of its cargo of filth and oil." And Prof. Vernor is right.

Centennial is also the story of people, the kind of people who opened and settled western America, people shaped in the land's implacable image, the beautiful, the plucky and the good; the ugly, the sadistic and the violent. Michener has always favored a healthy ethnic pluralism and the novel is a weave of ethnic differences. We meet Indians, Negroes, Chicanos, Japanese, Anglos and cross-breeds of all. There is Levi Zendt, the stolid, generous German Mennonite, whose trading post became the town of Centennial and whose second wife was French and Indian. Charlotte Buckland Lloyd, daughter of one of the associates of the Venneford Ranch enterprise, Englishwoman, spirited, generous-hearted, took as her second husband a Texas cowboy. Paul Garrett comes from French, English and Indian ancestry; he married a Chicano. His life epitomized for Vernor the history of the West. Yet this is not quite true; the underside of human nature does not show in Garrett. He does not shoot eagles from airplanes, he does not want to exterminate the prairie dog and the coyote; he is not "a one-man ecological disaster." He is painfully sensitive to the egregious taste in such neon flowerings along highways that announce "Veal Parma John" and "Broken Drum Cafe. You Can't Beat It" and "Custard's Last Stand." He quotes with approval a French architect's comment on the neon horror Denverites make of their City-and-County Building every Christmas: "The ultimate flowering of early Shanghai Whorehouse." Paul Garrett is not representative.

As a writer Michener has many attributes. He tells a good story. The massiveness of his research is impressive. His reportage of history is lively and often persuasive. He holds dear, as he

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made explicit in his *Kent State*, all the more generous, the more commendable liberal attitudes. We find him sharply opposed to the prejudicial rigidities so prevalent in what he calls, in *Kent State*, Middle America, of which, as he suggests, the West has its full share. The hospitality of his mind, his genuine sympathy for history's victims of prejudice and bigotry emerge clearly in *Centennial*.

But somehow Michener falls short. His weakness, as I see it, and sadly enough, is his art. He is history's journalist; he is not an artist. For all his recording of the Western scene he fails to *evoke* in his reader any sense, any genuine feel for this most dramatic of countrysides. His style is bereft of nuance, his diction shorn of any fringes of suggestiveness. He has no verbal equivalents for states of mind and feeling. He favors his character Elly Zendt who keeps a journal on her way west and who is admittedly one of Michener's better creations, yet he sees her coming close to the ideal of unimaginative Germanic historians, "reporting things as they actually happened." A general lack of subtlety of imagination is manifest, too, in his characterization that often sheers toward types and the melodramatic. There are no truly memorable characters in Michener because he makes no plunges into the recesses of the mind; he never explores nor brings to light the myriad paradoxes of human personality. Perhaps his scope is too vast; his effort is horizontal and hence clings to the flat. Or perhaps his self-admitted tendency toward didacticism forces him to say it out straight rather than depend on the obliqueness of dramatization. The last chapter in *Centennial* is a tract, a polemic, undoubtedly deserved, against small-mindedness and vulgarity but a polemic nevertheless, and Paul Garrett a poorly disguised spokesman for the author.

Michener has been as kind to us as we deserve. He has given us an honest picture of the West and has opened for us something of the tangled complexities of history. Of the discontents of our present civilization, we have little choice but to agree with him that the weave of implication is complex in the extreme, intricate almost beyond comprehension. As Robert Penn Warren once remarked in another context, the cloak of responsibility is seamless. We have all created the America we have.

On August 22 James Michener appeared in the new and tasteful shopping center at Southglenn just off Arapahoe Road in Littleton, a southern suburb of Denver. He came to autograph his latest novel. Having a copy of the uncorrected galleys and never having seen Michener, my wife and I got out the pick-up and drove up 85 and across County Line Road to Southglenn. We entered Denver Dry, the city's traditional, even staid department store, where Mr. Michener was receiving. But when the escalator deposited us on the second floor near the book section amid the china and crystal, we saw we were to be disappointed. A line of about 200 people wound about the floor. The line swelled out at one end where a group gathered around a table at which Michener sat signing the books put before him. We could see only the top of his head, a bit shiny but properly tanned, we hoped by the Colorado sun. Periodically, above the buzz of voices, we could hear an announcement over the store's PA system: "All those wishing to have Mr. Michener autograph their copy of *Centennial* must have their sale slips with them."

So we rode the escalator back down and walked out to the parking lot where we climbed in the pick-up and drove on home to Sedalia. We got a drink and sat on the porch to watch the sun go down behind the Front Range. There was a rumor of autumn on the hills; here and there the aspens showed a few yellow leaves. To the north, some 25 miles, we could see the dark roll of smog low against the northern sky.

Stuart James

PROF. JAMES *teaches English at the University of Denver, Colorado.*

COMING

Kenneth Evett:
architecture in Boston
Gerald Weales
on Beryl Bainbridge

Life in the Snake Pit

W-3
by Bette Howland
(Viking; $7.95)

W-3 is the psychiatric ward of a big university hospital, and *W-3* is a compelling book. From the moment the author, a failed suicide, awakens with both hands "taped to boards and pinned to tubes," it teems with the sensation of life. This is life at the bottom of the barrel—a very busy place.

We pay institutions to keep this life picked up and put away. Then, in a return of the repressed, we pay to read about it in an increasing number of psychiatric memories. The voyage through the madhouse seems to be the defining experience of our age. We want to know all about it—at a safe remove—and Bette Howland tells it calmly and matter-of-factly, with the assurance of a born writer, with the knowledge of one who has been almost to the point of no return and realizes what has nearly happened to her.

Those hoping for the pornography of personal trouble will be disappointed. This book is "candid," a few of the details are shocking but, like a good novelist, Bette Howland tells only as much as the reader needs to know, giving us her deadly prelude to suicide:

> *For a long time it had seemed to me that life was about to begin—real life. But there was always some obstacle in the way. Something to be got through first, some unfinished business; time still to be served, a debt to be paid. Then life would begin. At last it dawned on me that these obstacles were my life.*

After her suicide attempt she goes to W-3 as an alternative to jail. (As Charon says in Louis MacNeice's poem, "If you want to die, you will have to pay for it.") "I should explain right away that I didn't belong here. But that goes without saying, no one belonged here . . . On W-3 you encountered the terrible force of a generalization."

Each of the patients resists the enforced

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collectivity in his own generally bizarre way. Jesse turns his back to the group during meetings; Simone prays all day; Trudy, the manic teenager, escapes regularly from Isolation and goes flying up and down the hall "lashed to her intravenous stand—bandages, pajama strings loosened and floating—looking like a sort of injured parade float." None of the resistance makes any impression on the life of the institution, which goes on its self-confident determinedly therapeutic way regardless of what the inmates are doing.

W-3 is an enlightened, up-to-date nuthouse, with its full complement of group meetings and graduate students. Externs on monthly rotation come to look at the crazies, eat their snacks, and make ashtrays in the occupational therapy room, which the patients stay away from in droves. Cheerily obtuse doctors lead community meetings concerned with whether or not one patient has combed her hair—"I think we should compliment Yvette." A great point is made on W-3 of wearing *clothes*, instead of hospital garb, a constant source of agitation to the patients, many of whom have no clothes: they were dumped at emergency rooms in underwear, blood-stained trousers, or blankets.

> *You don't get much notice for a trip to a place like W-3; there's no chance to pick and choose, to pack your bags and powder your nose. All of a sudden your number is called, you are claimed; you pick yourself up and come as you are.*

Howland tells little of the rather haphazard therapy the patients get. The doings of the staff are largely irrelevant to the real life of W-3, which is lived in the patients' miserably cross-wired nerves. W-3 is a way-station: some pass through on their way to commitment at the state hospital, some to a chary version of normal life.

Friends harangue the author; she doesn't "belong" here. Finally she agrees, but not for the comfortable reasons they adduce. Her stay has served the purpose of suicide: it has stripped her of social personality, obligation, concealment. Now she is ready to pick up identity again. But she has a knowledge that they lack:

> *The gist of all the pep talks is that you can help yourself, you can straighten up, buckle down, fly right. But what if there comes a moment when you can't? That is the moment that you have to be prepared for.*

She learns that she doesn't belong on W-3 through learning that she does, ceasing to notice the condescension of the nurses, accepting herself as one of "them"—and she takes away with her a tough and sensitive book about "them." Bette Howland has the quality (rare among writers of memoirs) of being as interested in others as in herself. Here is no self-pity, sentimentality or special pleadings. She treats herself as one of the patients—one whose story she knows rather better. According to the jacket copy, Bette Howland is now at work on a novel. I would expect it to be very good.

Sara Sanborn

SARA SANBORN, *a free-lance writer living in Austin, has written reviews for* The New York Times, Commentary *and* The Nation.

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—Frederick Wertham, M.D.,
(in the *New York Law Journal*
July 19, 1974)

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Reinvention

The Making of Modern Drama by Richard Gilman

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10)

Toward the end of *The Making of Modern Drama* Richard Gilman says of Peter Handke's *Kaspar*, "And the play itself proceeds the way every sort of drama does, as the unfolding in time and in real physical space of *something imagined about human life.*" This neat definition of drama is sufficiently open to encompass conventional plays in conventional dramatic forms. Yet for Gilman, standard theatrical fare has little claim to be considered as drama—certainly not as art—for his concept of the genre hinges on that "something imagined." As his earlier books indicate, his work as a drama critic and reviewer has been marked from the beginning by his conviction that drama as art, as something other than a repetitive theatrical game designed to comfort the bourgeoisie, must constantly renew itself, and that the serious playwright must in every age reinvent dramatic form. This, he explains in the foreword, is an implicit subject of the new book. Gilman worked out these ideas in some detail in two long essays in *The Confusion of Realms*—in "Ibsen and Strindberg," which built on a still earlier essay, "The Search for Ibsen" (reprinted in *Common and Uncommon Masks*), and which became the basis for the Ibsen and Strindberg chapters in the new book, and more important, in "Art and History."

It is in the second of these essays that he outlines the "true history of contemporary drama" and in doing so, names and labels most of the playwrights whom he will discuss in *The Making of Modern Drama*. The essay presumably grew out of his courses at Yale, as the book admittedly did—a respectable academic practice noteworthy only because Gilman, who has been teaching for almost 10 years, has such a distaste for the "academic defense against art," as he put it in "Art and History," in which *textbook* is used as a dirty word. Since Gilman knows—as most professors with a grain of common sense do—that the classifications of literary history falsify

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as much as they explain, he emphasizes that the new book, despite its title, is "no sort of comprehensive history, no 'survey' of modern drama." He is simply going to discuss "the playwrights of the past century or so I most love or admire" and their plays he finds "most significant." Then follow chapters on Büchner, Ibsen, Strindberg, Chekhov, Pirandello, Brecht, Beckett and Handke. Except for Handke, who is still new enough not to have found a permanent home on the reading lists, this is the conventional course in modern drama with the minuscule variation one expects from any teacher's idiosyncrasies. I would insist on Shaw and probably Wedekind as well, but this list is close enough to those coming off mimeograph machines in drama and English departments all across the country to suggest that Gilman's new book is simply another introduction to modern drama, valuable primarily because he is an intelligent and concerned critic whose work is always interesting and, occasionally, provocative.

Since I share Gilman's fondness for most of the plays and playwrights under discussion my first instinct is to quibble over points of interpretation (that is certainly not the way I read *The Master Builder*). Let me instead issue a warning to readers to be on the lookout for particular quirks of thought, argumentative devices, stylistic habits.

Although Gilman teaches at a major university and is presumably in contact, directly or in print, with what is going on around the country, he gives the sense of being in splendid isolation—on the mountaintop of art, presumably, with the true Ibsen, the bona fide Chekhov. He devotes much space to outmoded concepts of the dramatist in question, unnecessary refutation of interpretations that have not been current for years. I suppose the social Ibsen and the prophetic Chekhov still exist in some academic minds—those that churn out *Cliff's Notes* perhaps—but most of the drama teachers I know share a common ground with Gilman. A dead theory is a critical convenience, of course, a cozy starting point for a new revelation—as any reviewer knows—but the device is self-defeating here because Gilman busies himself by placing the reader in a false position and then leading him to insights which, for the most part, turn out to be today's accepted understanding of his chosen dramatists.

More damaging, perhaps, is the suspicion that Gilman, in rescuing us from old readings, is boxing us into new rigidities. This is as much a problem of his working methods as it is of interpretation. Anyone familiar with his two earlier books will recognize that the new volume recrosses old ground, often using the same words, quoting the same lines by way of illustration. Seen in its best light, this practice could show the professional writer's refusal to discard workable material, the conscientious critic's reexamination and reaffirmation of esthetic assumptions. I get the feeling, however, that at some point early in his career, Gilman solved Ibsen and Brecht and Beckett as though they were puzzles, and that he continues to insist on his solutions. This feeling is heightened by the fact that Gilman constantly repeats himself within the new book, making the same points, citing the same sources. Such repetition is an old pedagogical trick that serves not discovery but rote learning. He calls *The Three Sisters* an "inexhaustible" drama, which it is of course, but ironically, in a critic who sees drama as constant renewal, he leaves little room for surprise. I would hate to see these marvelously rich plays the same way year after year; yet Gilman, who deplores the "trap" of realism, say, may have devised theoretic traps of his own.

Inherent in Gilman's definition of drama is the primacy of dramatic reality. Yet being of a philosophical cast of mind, he tends to discuss the plays somewhat abstractly. I get cross when a critic stays too long away from the specifics of a play and dwells on its ontological implications. Not that Gilman's approach is illegitimate, but it does get foolish at times. "Mies van der Rohe's doctrine of more-is-less comes inevitably to mind in thinking about *Uncle Vanya*," Gilman writes, and my mouth drops open. Inevitable? It isn't even likely.

This kind of intellectual nonsense is not an important defect in the book however. Where the lack of specificity hurts Gilman's work is in his failure to bring the artifactual play to support a reading of it. To prepare for his discussion of the last Ibsen plays, Gilman must show that the great plays of the middle period are marred by their naturalistic form. It is of no critical use to say that Hedda is destroyed by the exigencies of plot and to point to her burning of Lovberg's manuscript without accounting for the play's last act in which what happens to Hedda is only peripherally connected with the destruction of the manuscript. In the same way, it seems ingenuous to quote Konstantin's denunciation of 19th-century theater from *The Seagull* as an instance of Chekhov's assumptions about drama because that is to give external meaning to a speech of which the dramatic reality exists only in the context of Konstantin's own play and in his confusion of his mother with the kind of theater in which she performs.

I could go on—point to a tendency to sentimentalize in this presumably austere advocate of form (particularly when he talks of Chekhov's "heroines")—but enough is enough. If Gilman were a fool or a knave, one could simply turn away, but he is a perceptive critic preoccupied with drama at its best so all one can do is read him in pleasure and exasperation, muttering *yes, yes, of course*, and then, *for heaven's sake, Gilman, how could you. . . .*

Gerald Weales

GERALD WEALES *teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania and is the author of* Clifford Odets *(Pegasus).*

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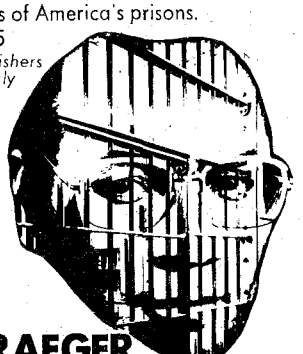
PRAEGER

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Victims of God

Selected Stories by I. L. Peretz

(Schocken; $6.95)

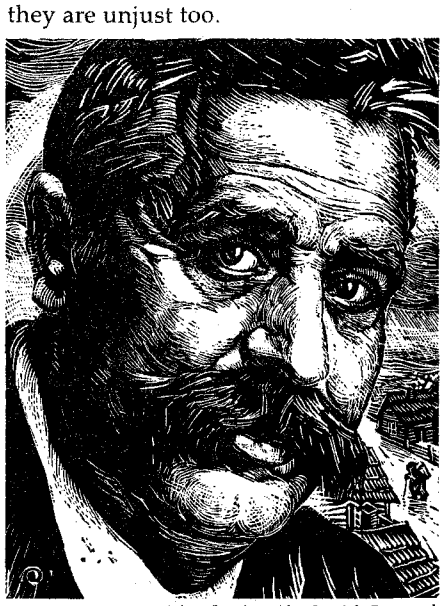
Do you know I. L. Peretz? You don't? Well that is regrettable but understandable. He did, after all, write in Yiddish, and Yiddish literature, begotten of suffering as a weapon against suffering, seems doomed to a tragic fate: not only is it little known—it is poorly known. Its exponents are ignored after its readership has been murdered. Have you read Aharon Zeitlin, H. Leivick or Jacob Glatstein? Great poets all. And Chaim Grade, do you know him? Yet he is one of the finest living Yiddish novelists—if not the finest. But that's how it is and there is nothing one can do: injustice is not limited to life alone—it also exists in literature; success is not necessarily proof or guarantee of talent. Even a *Sefer-Torah* needs luck, says the Talmud. If that is true of the holy book, what can one say about secular works? Some have had more luck than others—those of Peretz have had less.

But you should read him. Open this volume of *Selected Stories*. In it you will discover an admirable storyteller who weaves a melodious and evocative spell. His language is at once poetic and down-to-earth, lyrical and interspersed with wit. With one sentence, one image, he succeeds in restoring to us a Jewish world long since vanished, the world of the *Shtedtl*, with all its poverty and nostalgia. To read him is to follow him in his wanderings across Eastern Europe and to meet Jewish communities impossible to find anywhere else.

Peretz: maker of legends and himself legendary. Lawyer by profession, writer by avocation. Together with Mendele Moicher Sforim and Sholem Aleichem, he founded Yiddish literature and marked it with his fiery inspiration. And not only was he inspired, he inspired others. He attracted talented young writers, enlightened, guided and protected them. They came to him in pilgrimage; they came to Warsaw where he lived and worked as clerk to the Jewish community, to consult him or simply to see him. Hebrew-speaking Zionists, Yiddish-speaking socialists, he received them all and helped them find their way. They sought him out as people used to seek out those Hasidic *rebbes* that he, though an emancipated spirit himself, describes with tenderness in his stories. None other so thoroughly influenced both his peers and the beginners of this generation: his impact went beyond his work proper—a few volumes of essays, novellas and poetry.

Peretz: the *rebbe* of Yiddish literature. Small wonder then, that when he died at the age of 67, in 1915, a fervent crowd of 100,000 Jews gathered at his funeral. Recognizing itself in him, the Jewish people returned his love.

That is one of the salient aspects of his work: he loves the people of whom and for whom he writes; he loves all his characters. Rather than turn them into caricatures, monsters obsessed by sex or money, he shows their human vulnerability, their simplicity; he shows them as victims of society, victims of God, but victims always. Instead of judging them, he takes their defense. At their side, he fights the injustices that befall them—sometimes he even goes so far as to stand up on their behalf against the celestial powers, when they are unjust too.



Yivo-Institute for Jewish Research

This passionate desire to come to the aid of the poor inhabitants of the *Shtedtl*, this brotherly love for the most wretched among them, reverberates in these 18 stories selected with reverence and intelligence by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg. Hasidic tales, popular legends; some melancholy, some funny; they are all moving and disturbing, they all take place in a universe both near and far where, despite the sorrows and hazards of daily life, man proves capable of speaking his anger and singing his joy.

The tailor who yearns to be stronger, more just than his Creator; the *rebbe* who rises "higher than heaven" by lighting a sick peasant woman's stove; the hermit who discovers that evil has followed him into his very solitude; the young woman who cheats the angel of death in order to save her husband. . . . In all of Peretz's stories, the most humble, the most obscure character is always the winner. The author is forever on his side—sometimes he even glorifies him. Which explains why certain scholars stress the importance of social consciousness in Peretz's work. Rightly or wrongly, no matter; let us simply say that his consciousness is essentially Jewish, therefore sensitive to injustice in any form. His response: he loves the poor but not poverty, he admires the humble but he opposes submissiveness.

In his Hasidic tales, transcribed with humor and warmth, he praises only those Masters who use their powers to help man, even against God. The celebrated Levi-Yitzhak of Berditchev is to him an example: man may protest, must protest against evil and against the forces that beget it; man must plead for the victim.

This theme finds its deepest expression in the popular tale of Bontsha the Silent. Read it and you will not forget it. Bontsha, the meekest among the meek, the eternally offended, the condemned. Bontsha who has never known a moment of respite, of serenity; who has received nothing but blows and insults from life; who has never complained and who, having reached heaven, hears the judge declare that ". . . there, in that other world, no one understood you. You never understood yourself. You never understood that you need not have been silent, that you could have cried out and that your outcries would have brought down the world itself. . . ." And the judge offers him a reward; anything, absolutely anything he may wish. And Bontsha, poor Bontsha, for the first time in his life opens his mouth and speaks; for the first time in his life he knows that he will be heard; that he matters to someone. And so reveals his most hidden, his most ardent desire: he would like "every morning for breakfast, a hot roll with fresh butter." And, concludes Peretz, this wish plunges the celestial tribunal into shame. And "the prosecutor laughs aloud, a bitter laugh." Poor Bontsha: he doesn't even know what to yearn for, how to dream of something good, something beautiful. But—whose fault is that? Mankind's which has humiliated him too long,

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God's who did not intervene soon enough. Whatever shame there is in that tale, it is not Bontsha's but the others', all the others'.

This timeless story also reflects the Jewish condition of today: the generation that is mine could have shouted so loud that it would have shaken the world. Instead it but whispered content with its "buttered roll."

Oh yes, you should read Peretz. If only to hear his hymn to Jewish joy of yesteryear, to Jewish man of yesteryear. In his books you will discover a kingdom that vanished together with its sages and its beggars, its masters and their disciples; a beautiful kingdom set afire and erased from memory by countless assassins.

To read Peretz is to plunge into an ancient dream and the fervor it calls forth. You will emerge the richer for having done so.

Elie Wiesel

ELIE WIESEL *is the author of* Souls on Fire *and* The Oath *(Random House).*

On the Theater

Speak for Yourself, John by George Stevens
(Viking; $10.95)

When George Stevens called his book *Speak for Yourself, John,* subtitled "The Life of John Mason Brown with Some of His Letters and Many of His Opinions," he wasn't kidding: he is the most modest of biographers. A circumspect and genteel moderator, one who barely editorializes and never gives offense, Stevens remains squarely outside his subject's life. He neither pries nor probes, and as a result, after some 290 pages, we don't learn much more about drama critic John Mason Brown than that he was a witty and charming fellow, a lively lecturer with plenty of appeal for the ladies, a world traveler, a fine family man and a loyal American. In his own life story Brown emerges as a pale, peripheral figure; he's the urbane critic, cocktail in hand, who's as graceful and poised at parties as he is in print. An unobtrusive figure in a smart high comedy, he comes off as Alexander Woollcott without the sting.

Stevens has certainly done his homework: we're treated to plentiful servings of Brown's public and private writing. The details are here, but the bits and pieces from reviews, lectures, private correspondence and recollected personal conversations haven't been fashioned into a statement that is either dramatic or coherent enough, and the on-stage Brown of the lecture circuit and the drama page is indistinguishable from the off-stage son, husband and father.

Stevens' haphazard organization and gray prose are doubtless not the only problems—Brown himself does not seem large enough to warrant a biography. He clearly valued his privacy; by both profession and inclination he was a calm observer rather than a turbulent participant. It's significant that the most personal statement of this decidedly unself-revealing gentleman was his monumental biography of Robert E. Sherwood. Stevens suggests that in writing Sherwood's life, Brown was reliving his own. Both men had similar family backgrounds and their careers were parallel in moving from theater to politics.

Quiet though his life may have been, Brown's story contains hints of color and romance that his biographer much too shyly recounts. Brown was born into a wealthy Southern family of old American stock, and he went the way of most well brought-up young men of several generations back, from dancing school to prep school to Harvard to Europe to New York, everywhere buttressed by introductions to the proper people. Because his way was smoothly oiled by the right contacts, and because he was a lively and willing writer, Brown never had any career struggles, but still the aristocratic Southern milieu, and Brown's entrance into the bustling New York theater of the '20s, can surely yield a more vivid and temperamental portrait than Stevens has managed. Stubbornly matter-of-fact, Stevens writes as if dancing masters and family servants and luncheons with the Lunts are the lot of everyone.

Brown sometimes took size for achievement, particularly with O'Neill, yet he wasn't intimidated by big names, as his skeptical reviews of T. S. Eliot and his displeasure with *As You Like It* indicated.

Shaw and O'Neill were his two heroes, and he was an enthusiastic booster of that raft of solid middle-level playwrights like Sidney Howard, Maxwell Anderson, Elmer Rice and Philip Barry, whose debuts in the '20s coincided with his own first efforts. But Brown's special strength was as a critic of actors rather than writers. To read him on

Snail Winter

When the rains came,
snails followed
crossing our bedroom floor
as if they knew the way.
Impudent mollusks.
Wherever they stopped, they stayed,
even one who locked an obscene
double-
decker on another's back.
We still pretend they didn't die
inside thin shells
we cracked loose
from the bathroom wall
and dropped
in clattering handfuls
on the pumphouse roof.

We didn't touch them at first,
except to count
the morning's new arrivals
or tease the tentacles
of one too curious
to seal off for sleep.
They seemed to know
their limits.
Never changed direction
to another room
or invaded the tub though it was
redwood
like the walls.
But finally there were too many,
too much stalled life
waiting around us.
Who knows
what they had in mind.

An ancient instinct for some shelter
is perhaps the simplest answer,
one which doesn't tease the truth
like claiming they were sent—
eerie messengers—
to wait the winter with us
and line our well.
The water we drank
full
with their sweet decay.

JUDITH ROOT

JUDITH ROOT *is a poet and lives in Portland, Oregon.*

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Gertrude Lawrence or Katharine Cornell or the Lunts or Ethel Merman or Tallulah is to luxuriate in the pleasures of long-gone performances. His perceptions of timing and movement and voice and personality are always bright and incisive. As a chronicler of American acting and as a lover of the theatrical occasion, he is almost up there with Stark Young.

For much of his career Brown occupied the humble position of daily reviewer; he "graduated" to the more leisurely weekly routine of *Saturday Review*, but he was never rigorously analytical. A gentleman scholar, Brown often met his charming actors and actresses on their own terms, supplying his own performance to match theirs. Unfailingly crisp, his polished sentences held aloft by his fondness for parallel construction, Brown wrote elegantly. By encouraging theater enthusiasts to either return to or to discover Brown's work for the first time, Stevens' history, meek as it is, performs a service.

Foster Hirsch

FOSTER HIRSCH *is a free-lance writer and teacher of drama and film at Brooklyn College.*

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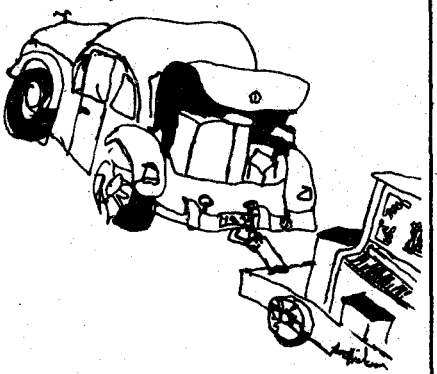

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End of It All

Living and Dying by Robert Jay Lifton and Eric Olson

(Praeger; $6.50)

What are we to make of the intensified interest these days in the subject of death and dying? Publishers are now churning out as many as two or three books a week on the subject; booksellers report that they are having difficulty keeping up with the demand for such titles as *Last Rights, On Death and Dying, Stay of Execution, The American Way of Death, Dying and Dignity*, and *Vital Signs*. Have we suddenly given up our traditional aversion to the thought of death and resigned ourselves to a closer look? Or is this new interest in mortality merely another expression of the American compulsion to escape boredom through titillation by the morbid and the unknown?

Robert Jay Lifton and Eric Olson answer that we are currently witnessing a long-delayed cultural shift in attitudes toward death and dying whose implications are immense—for the treatment of the terminally ill, for the care of the elderly, for our understanding of the process of aging and ultimately for our idea of the nature of man. In this book, which seems intended for the young reader, the authors leave clinical matters to others and focus their attention on broader issues. Starting from the premise that the subject of death is to the modern imagination what the subject of sexuality was to the Victorian, they explain how death became our "unthinkable theme," as they call it, and what we must do to face it squarely. The problem, as they see it, is less personal than historical and cultural, and the solution borders on the religious.

In this "age of nuclearism," death has become "unthinkable" by virtue of its new association not only with the extinction of the individual but also with the extinction of whole societies and even of civilization itself. This has now made the very thought of death intolerable and compelled us to repress it. Yet like all things repressed, death refuses to oblige and instead makes its presence felt in a host of crippling symptoms, both personal and cultural. According to Lifton and Olson, the only solution is to readmit death to full consciousness, which requires a new realization of the way the experience of death is interlinked with a sense of life's continuity beyond it. The problem of mortality raises questions about the possibility of immortality and, indeed, cannot be faced without the help of those symbols of immortality which it is the business of culture, finally, to provide.

Though a good deal of *Living and Dying* is devoted to a discussion of the five modes of what the authors call "symbolic immortality"—the biological, the creative, the theological, the natural and the experiential—the book's argument hinges upon the analysis of such basic experiential polarities as connection versus separation, movement versus stasis and integration versus disintegration which, so the authors contend, determine the individual's basic images of life and death from infancy. These opposites demonstrate by their operation that the individual cannot survive or transcend what is perceived as the threat of death without recourse to what is simultaneously perceived as an image of life's continuation beyond it. In this way the authors try to show that, far from threatening our sense of life's continuity, our anxiety about death actually elicits and supports it.

Much of this will no doubt sound familiar to readers of Erik Erikson, Gabriel Marcel, Paul Tillich or Peter Berger, to say nothing of a host of lesser philosophical lights spawned by the recent counterculture movement such as John Lennon, Ram Dass, Bob Dylan and Tom Hayden. What for the most part is new here, then, is not so much the substance as the source—social scientists who, for all of their broad human concerns and creative touches (Lifton has drawn cartoons for each of the chapters), still speak out of a respect for the facts of clinical observation.

Unfortunately the freshest and most challenging portions of the book, in which the authors begin to explore the psychohistorical dimensions of their subject, are given shortest shrift. But this perhaps is inevitable in a book designed for the layman and the adolescent instead of the specialist, and the purpose of which is more to promote better understanding than to further sophisticated intellectual comprehension.

Giles Gunn

GILES GUNN *teaches religion and American studies at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.*

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Critical Sense

Prejudices in Disguise
by Robert Craft

(Knopf; $7.95)

A Musical Season
by Andrew Porter

(Viking; $8.95)

These two collections of music criticism written mainly in the 1972-73 season prove the triviality of those Big Issues that agitated musical journalism the past five years. Robert Craft, Stravinsky's long-time associate, and Andrew Porter, the latest British import at *The New Yorker*, display the essential critical gifts of perception, passion, style, courage and experience in rare abundance; yet neither feels the need to devote much, if any space, to those mighty topics other colleagues wrestled with so manfully. The fact that this slight in no way lessens the intellectual pleasure each book affords should make us wonder exactly how "big" those Big Issues were.

One, of them, I seem to recall, was the impending "death" of the symphony orchestra. Yes, there was a gangrenous condition spread by the predominance of *dead* old composers on most programs; concert halls were morgues—worse! they were *museums*! Craft easily dismisses this foolishness: ". . . the argument is false, for the great music of the past can have as much life as that of the music of today if given it in performance." Porter apparently considers the notion unthinkable, for he never discusses it.

And then there was the New York City Opera. The same reviewers who considered the pioneering urge the first requirement of today's musician had twisted critical standards so out of shape that they were hailing Julius Rudel's venturesome little troupe as if it were as fine as the Met. Craft's favoring City Opera with precisely one terse, passing remark may be considered extreme even by those exasperated New Yorkers who have long considered it the most overrated company in America. Porter, ever the well-bred Londoner, congratulates Rudel on setting the highest goal—then makes the observation very few native critics have been able to wring from themselves: "The level of execution, however, has been uneven and sometimes low."

Neither Craft nor Porter saw—or heard—any reason to waste a reader's time with speculations about how rock would act as a freshet of inspiration to clear the muddied waters of serious composition. Trying to keep up with "the kids" (and thus snag a piece of the mushrooming youth market) was one of the more intellectually contemptible fads of recent musical journalism, and several middle-aged pilgrims hiking to Woodstock wound up very red in the face. In particular one recalls Donal Henahan in *The New York Times* urging serious composers to seek out a new audience at Filmore East or The Electric Circus a couple of years before both youth hostels slammed shut; and Alan Rich in *New York* huffily lecturing Joni Mitchell's fans for interrupting her with what he thought were demands for a chat when every American schoolboy knew they were requests for Joni's smash hit, "Conversation." Craft mentions Mick Jagger's "standards" once but only as a gauge for noisemaking.

The McLuhanacy that today's concertgoers also require visual diversion is still heard from now and again. Craft should do it in, if it's vulnerable to logic, with: ". . . if one wants something beyond music, music is not what one wants." Porter, however, confesses somewhat shamefacedly that he *was* moved at a performance of George Crumb's song cycle, *Ancient Voices of Children*, merely by seeing the boy soprano who had been off-stage come forward out of the wings to join his "mother" during the final song. (Crumb is a great one for such maneuvers; in another work he orders the woodwinds to get up and stroll about.) There is, of course, something called "ballet" in which movements more rewarding and demanding even than Crumb's are performed by people far worthier of our attention than the prettiest clarinetist. Porter redeems himself 10 times over in one of his all too few chapters on dancing, when he reminds jaded New Yorkers how fortunate they are to have Balanchine alive and functioning in their midst:

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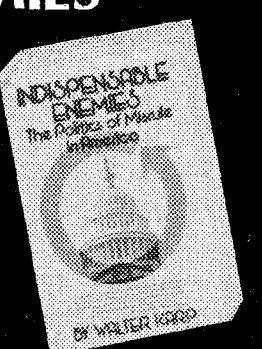

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its composer. . . What person to whom music matters would not want to spend long months in that town? What person to whom ballet matters cannot wish to spend long months in New York?

Craft and Porter both volunteer for service in that endless war defending "contemporary music," a vast territory covering countless styles. Craft prefers its neglected old masters of which there are several. Its burgeoning unpopularity was not a Big Issue of the past five years but the past 55. The public's resistance to the ideology, "our music, right or wrong," is as strong as ever, as witness the poor turnout for a Boulez rug concert with the Philharmonic as recently as mid-June, when he made good his threat to devote an entire evening to Schoenberg. If so charismatic a draw as Boulez cannot send people flocking to Fisher Hall, what can mere writers do on behalf of Schoenberg, dead these 23 years, or younger, living rivals?

Very little, I suspect. It's not words but notes that gain a composer his following, and critics aren't very good with those. Indeed, on the evidence presented in *Prejudices in Disguise* and *A Musical Season*, today's finer critics are at their worst writing dutifully about the glories of 20th-century composition.

Craft certainly operates well below his usually high level when he explains why we must not expect from Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron* satisfaction similar to that emanating from Mozart's *Figaro;* Schoenberg, he says, was dealing with a "new emotion." A new emotion. Whatever does it feel like? When does it arise? And what, I wonder, should it be called? Craft doesn't say. One does not feel impelled to make such demands often, I am pleased to report. Craft's usual practice is to present useful insight so securely packaged it will not fall apart at the first probe ("Beethoven is primarily an instrumental composer, even when writing for voices, Brahms a vocal one, even when writing for instruments"). Many of his comments would prevent vast confusion if engraved on the forehead of every musicologist in the Western world:

Music history not only backtracks and switches directions but in the persons of its greatest composers is remarkable chiefly for its unpredictability . . . causality and antecedents account for everything except the differences that matter most.

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Porter, who seems to have missed few opportunities to wolf down the latest effort in his one season here and who found much to recommend in most of the rare dishes served up to him, fares no better in his attempt to sweeten the metrical density of Elliott Carter's Second Quartet. Of course one can absorb such complex figuration. Look how easily his eye takes in all the intricate patterns of "a strip of silver birch" he happens to have lying on his desk. A strip of silver birch. Since he admits almost immediately that one should not compare the visual with the aural ("the analogy must not be pressed"), Porter can be forgiven—again.

Lapses are more than usually tolerable in the case of critics like Craft and Porter, for these seem to spring from genuine, deep-seated delight in almost any musical activity, no matter how arcane or highly specialized. (And there is nothing more highly specialized today than "contemporary music" with all its proliferating compartments.) Not everyone will share *all* their interests. I confess I wearied occasionally at being summoned down some secluded musical byway to learn (from Craft) about four imported recordings of African music (*La Messe à Yaoundé . . . Musique Traditionelle d'Ethiopie*) that I simply had to get, if just for the one selection on each I might like, or to hear (from Porter) about a marvelous performance of Rameau's *La Naissance d'Osiris* (1754) that one must discuss in detail even though "solo singers and local chorus were so-so" and the opera lacked "the high, sensational dramatic strokes of the *tragédies*."

One soon decides to accept their idiosyncrasies because these are often interwoven with their great strengths. I am prepared to endure Porter's bombarding me with data I could just as well do without (Solera, one of Verdi's idiotic librettists, was "a feckless, colorful, attractive fellow") since, while collecting such pearls, Porter also acquired the authority that enabled him to detect the stylistic flaws in City Opera's try at Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*. His return to *The New Yorker* this season will be doubly welcome, for his scholarship is not encased in the cardboard-flavored prose and lockjaw-inducing wit most musicologists favor when writing down to the public.

Nor does Craft's tendency to slight performers (no mention of Birgit Nilsson when reviewing London's *Ring* sets) mar *Prejudices in Disguise* very much. It surely springs from his precious intimacy with the 20th century's greatest composer, who earned only a fraction of the kind of money some conductors raked in, just for doing *Firebird*. One wonders if Craft could write as insightfully as he does about Chopin or Bellini if he hadn't observed Stravinsky so closely. However one must question the attitude revealed in: "a new work . . . is of far greater consequence than the most publicized antics of Big Personality Conductors." A work from whom? And which conductor? ("Antics" makes one think of Bernstein, but Craft has a mysterious regard for Lenny—perhaps because he was so kind to Stravinsky at the last.) I think it might be difficult to weigh the "consequences" of a minor new work against those of hearing the lofty glories of Mozart or Berlioz warmly re-created by Colin Davis, who hasn't been delivered of even one antic yet.

There have been only three Big Issues, really, in all music history: How good is the work? How well was it performed? Who's going to foot the bill? Critics are of no use whatever in answering the last, but they can say much, though not everything, of course, that's helpful in resolving the rest. As these two books show, Craft and Porter are a great deal more helpful than most.

Harris Green

HARRIS GREEN *is a New York City editor who covers music and theater.*

Fine Print

Anti-sexism, etc., etc.

Doris Grumbach

It will no doubt be taken as evidence of my to-be-expected feminist views, but I want to make a point in this column of McGraw-Hill's recent **Non-Sexist Guidelines.** Written by a staff committee and presumably accepted by the company's directors, the 11-page statement concludes with the hope that these guidelines will have alerted "authors and staff members to the problems of sex discrimination and to various ways of solving them."

McGraw-Hill is among the first publishers to take such an action. It is a heartening, intelligent giant step in the right direction for, as Barbara Smith, book editor of *The National Observer* points out, it avoids the awkward and esthetically ugly use of *person* in place of *man*. Nowhere is the ugly *chairperson, statesperson*, etc., recommended, but instead *chairman* is replaced by a term that can include members of either sex: *the presiding officer, moderator, coordinator. Salesman* becomes *sales representative, sales clerk*. For *cameraman* read *camera operator;* for *foreman, supervisor;* for *insurance man, insurance agent.*

The guidelines include awareness of more subtle sexism and a determination to avoid it, in fact, a detailed, careful description of how to go about doing so. Examples:

- Language that assumes all readers are male should be avoided: not *you and your wife*, but *you and your spouse.*
- "parallel language should be used for men and women"; not *man and wife*, but *husband and wife*. I add, *man and woman.*
- "a woman should be referred to by name in the same way that a man is": not *Mrs. Meir and Moshe Dayan*, but *Golda Meir and Moshe Dayan* or *Mrs. Meir and Mr. Dayan.*"
- Other verbotens: not *college boys and coeds* but *students.*
- not *the shopper . . . she*, but *shoppers . . . they.*
- not *the fair sex*, and not *lady lawyer*, and not *authoress*, nor *woman doctor*. Not *man-sized job* nor *woman's work.*

And deeper still is McGraw-Hill's instructions to its editors and writers concerning how women are to be shown in books, including children's books. A paragraph directly taken from this document must suffice to indicate the tone of the whole:

> *Women within a profession should be shown at all professional levels, including the top levels. Women should be portrayed in positions of authority over men and over other women, and there should be no implication that a man loses face or that a woman faces difficulty if the employer or supervisor is a woman. All work should be treated as honorable and worthy of respect; no job or job choices should be downgraded. Instead, women and men should be offered more options than were available to them when*

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work was stereotyped by sex.

It is not because I am a woman that I send McGraw-Hill my felicitations on producing this evidence of its clear-eyed thinking, but because I am a human being aware of the harm done historically to the psyches of women and men by the continuation of attitudes, overt and hidden, in the prose they read in print and in the books they study.

In this country Margaret Drabble's novels are not as well known as they should be, although the more recent ones, *The Waterfall* and *The Needle's Eye* have a following. With the appearance and widespread notice that her **Arnold Bennett** (Knopf; $10) has received, this partial neglect will no doubt be remedied. *Bennett* is one of the most readable biographies I have ever come upon. Drabble has the good sense to use her own experience as a novelist as grounds for examining Bennett's approach to the writing of fiction. She has woven biography and critical comment, so that one sees his work in relation to his life but not so that one preempts the other. Although she writes of his novels, which were often popular, middle-brow, unpretentious potboilers "in partisan spirit," it is nonetheless with sympathy and little attempt to disguise his faults, or his "incredible simplicity" (as Henry James described Bennett's plays), or his dim "floundering and feeling for something else" (as Virginia Woolf wrote in her diary at his death, and as she went on: "glutted with success; wounded in his feelings; avid; thicklipped; prosaic intolerably").

Lawrence Graver in a front-page *NY Times Book Review* article says that Drabble overpraises Bennett; here I must agree. In order to evaluate her judgments, I went back to read *These Twain*, which I chose at random from among his seemingly countless novels. Drabble writes: "In view of the amount of personal feeling that Bennett clearly puts into the novel, it's amazing to see how solid and balanced it remains." I found it dull, plodding, curiously inept for so practiced a writer (he was born in 1867; *These Twain* was written when he was 48; he died 16 years later in 1931). Despite this evident labor of love, written and composed with all the care she would ordinarily give to her own fiction, I wonder whether the biography will drive readers back to Bennett's writing and keep them there.

But the biographical details are fascinating. For example Drabble deals with Bennett as a writer who must make a living, brings her facts and figures up to date with a reminder of how current is his predicament:

> *Bennett needed the money; he had heavy family commitments. The request may reflect, as well, Bennett's continuing sense of insecurity; he still had a long way to go before he was earning the £50 a day that he got towards the end of his career. And it also certainly reflects the irregularity with which even assured income comes to writers, a fact of life with which all writers are too well acquainted. One can have a best-selling book on every bookstall and still not have a penny in the bank, because the book has taken months if not years to produce, and the income of it does not begin to arrive until long after publication, owing to the curious system of half-yearly royalty statements, always several months out of date, so beloved by publishers, then as now.*

Her feelings for Bennett are well communicated, kind, reluctantly critical when she has to be, viewing his work on the whole much more sympathetically than the reading public does now, and mourning the man: "He was a great writer from a stony land. . . . and he was also one of the kindest and most unselfish of men. Many times, rereading a novel, reading a letter or a piece of his journal, I have wanted to shake his hand, or thank him, or say well done. I have written this [the biography] instead."

No one could ask for a kinder biographer. Readers will remember this, perhaps remember the man more than his work.

The great disparity between ballyhoo for books and the ultimate value of a book was nowhere better displayed than in *PW* for June 1973. At that time the trade publication asked publishers to describe what books it would be "pushing" at the annual American Booksellers Association meeting in New York. Little-Brown responded: "Baseball bubblegum cards will be given away at this booth in conjunction with the August publication of *The Great American Baseball Card Flipping, Trading and Bubblegum Book* by G. Brendan Boyd and Fred Harris." Other books to be featured were Joe Namath's book, *The Dione Lucas Book of French Cooking, The Harvard Lampoon Centennial Celebration, GWTW; The Making of Gone With the Wind.* Also mentioned were Lillian Hellman's *Pentimento* (after the bubblegum opus) and Townsend Hoopes' *The Devil and John Foster Dulles* (listed after everything else). Not mentioned at all was Louis Sheaffer's *O'Neill: Son and Artist*, which went on to win the Pulitzer prize.

How-to-Make-a-Fine-Living Department. Macmillan reminds us of the recent publishing history of **Watership Down** by Richard Adams who, as a British civil servant in change of clean air, wrote down tales he had been telling his two daughters about the adventures of some rabbits. The book was roundly refused by most British publishers, picked up by a small one, Rex Collings, who brought it out as a children's book. Macmillan purchased the American rights, a marketing manager here suggested there was more to it. Macmillan added it to its adult trade list. Avon gave the highest reprint advance ever paid for a first novel prior to publication. It has been on the best-seller lists (two weeks after publication) ever since. It is a best-seller on college campuses—the only hardcover book on that list. A motion picture is being made of it, a BBC-TV crew is making a feature film on the author, the place, the book. And last week I received a book that is clearly riding its tail: **The Private Life of the Rabbit** by naturalist R M. Lockley, (Macmillan too; $6.95) "the source book which Richard Adams used to learn about the habits of rabbits."

So much for a novel about rabbits.

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Facts under Fire

Sirs:

Errors of fact bedevil us all, but those whose profession is to inform have an obligation to inform themselves; errors of logic indicate that editorial writers owe it to their readers and their reputation to have their own work thoughtfully edited before they go to press;

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and errors of misrepresentation (which can bring down Presidents) destroy integrity as well as credibility.

All three types of error were crammed into the first two paragraphs of "Comment" in the July 27 & August 3 issue ("Kissinger under Fire"). Let us start with the perhaps venial case. If the writer is going to talk about multiple independently targeted reentry vehicles (MIRVs), he should do his homework. MIRVs were not "conceived on the theory that a larger number of warheads per missile would make it easier to penetrate a Soviet anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system." They were conceived by engineers who saw that targets could be more efficiently covered by delivering several small warheads with one large booster; it was then realized that such weapons would (assuredly, not just "in theory") aid in penetrating an ABM system. (See Herbert York in *Scientific American*, "Multiple-Warhead Missiles," Vol. 229, No. 5, pp. 18-27, November 1973, on the history of the MIRV concept.)

This error of fact is followed immediately by a self-contradiction. The ABM system to be penetrated, *The New Republic* says, was "then thought to be under consideration by Moscow." The clear implication is one of the Pentagon spinning theories and building weapons on groundless fears of devilish enemy armaments. But in the next sentence we are told that "In late 1970 . . . it became apparent that the Russians might limit their ABM structure or even abandon it," thus confirming that the system was considerably more tangible than a mere nightmare "thought to be under consideration."

Finally we come to "the smoking gun" of misrepresentation. Sen. Jackson has not been "relentlessly insisting that the US must lead the Soviet Union in the deployment of nuclear weapons." On the contrary, as *The New Republic* writer must know, the Jackson amendment to the Joint Resolution Authorizing Approval of the Interim Agreement on Offensive Weapons (Senate Resolution S.J. 241, Sept. 12, 1972) specifically insisted not that the US must lead but that it must not agree to stay behind. And in the senator's own proposal for a treaty to supersede the interim agreement he explicitly called for equal (and reduced) levels of strategic arms ("Arms Reduction, Détente and SALT," *Congressional Record*, April 23, 1974).

Francis P. Hoeber
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Schools & Students

Sirs:

Joseph Featherstone's explication of *Youth* (*TNR*, Aug. 31, 1974) contained an error that should be corrected. Head Start was not attacked because it failed to raise the IQ scores of poor children. Their scores were indeed raised. Critics of the program pointed to the fact that some children lost their gains when exposed to public schools, which could not offer the rich and supportive experiences of Head Start.

Head Start responded to this criticism by initiating its very successful follow through program and its even more successful Home Start and Parent Child Center programs. More stress is now being placed on achievement tests and development scales and less on IQ tests. The first two instruments are far more valuable in gauging school progress and are less flawed by middle class bias.

William F. Brazziel
The University of Connecticut

Sirs:

Studs Terkel in *Working* observes that "as the work force becomes increasingly younger, so does Willy Loman." Joseph Featherstone rephrases the point in his cogent critique of *Youth*, and he is notably helpful when he points to the widening gap between practitioners and deschooling social scientists.

The gap is particularly unsettling to state legislators and other "policy-makers" in education who note with dismay "the faddish quality" of debates among highly articulate economists and not-so-articulate practitioners. Confused and at times misled by the built-in political contradictions that support American public education, policy-makers fully comprehend the quality of public wrath that would be triggered by legislative apportionment of scarce tax monies to deschooling activities freed of "accountability" (*i.e.*, practitioner) controls.

Social scientists who resent the monopolistic authority of schools and school personnel seem, therefore, indefinitely frustrated in their reform efforts by the Terkels and the Featherstones on the one hand and the skeptical (or cynical) legislative guardians of "our communal responsibility for education" on the other.

James Browne
Washington, DC

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

doned and one of which was finished and never released.

On the whole Walker tells his story well, with plenty of good detail and with quotations from his own interviews with leading figures. But in a way his book is itself a microcosm of its subject: it combines industry and some ability with a big splash of myopia. Some examples: Albert Finney came to New York in 1963 to play in *Luther* at the time that *Tom Jones* was released, and, Walker says, no other English actor had been so "fêted and courted." Not Noel Coward or Laurence Olivier? Walker says, in a smitch of *auteur* fog, that "*Billy Liar* is an offshoot from *A Kind of Loving*." Both were directed by John Schlesinger, but how could *Billy*, from a novel by Keith Waterhouse and a play by Waterhouse and Willis Hall, be offshot by Schlesinger from one of his previous films? Walker reports that Joseph Losey said at the première of *The Servant* that "it is the story of Faust" and that Losey "has never ceased to regret this oversimplification. For *The Servant* is not a simple allegory of good versus evil." Which makes the story of Faust a simple allegory and *The Servant* more complex. Live and learn. Walker

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says *The Knack* was "luckier in its timing" than *One-Way Pendulum*. It's also a hell of a lot better. He says of *The Madwoman of Chaillot* that Forbes gave "elegance and a redeeming fantastication to Giraudoux's simple-minded fable." Not in the print I saw. And Immanuel Kant would have seemed simple-minded in the hands of the people involved in that film.

But it's when he discusses Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* that Walker gives his best example of how to sound critically wise while actually talking balls:

> *It is easy . . . . to criticize the verse-speaking on the ground that it doesn't make the most of Shakespeare; but when the verse-speaking is infused with such physical passion, then the poetry of love is a glorious bonus to the experience.*

Where does "the poetry of love" come from if the verse-speaking doesn't do justice to Shakespeare? And shall we now all hurry along to a *Tristan and Isolde* with two leads who can't sing but who can infuse the music with physical passion, with Wagner as a glorious bonus?

Walker's book is a decently written, well researched chronicle of a period that may retrospectively turn out to have been more sadly wasteful than we yet know. But Walker's percepts and critical comments are not much of a bonus, glorious or otherwise.

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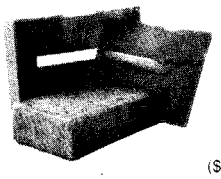

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